The Messenger.

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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Dr A H Strickler
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THE MESSENGER.

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REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D.,
Editor-in-Chief.
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Poetry.

THE HEART'S DISCIPLINE.

I.

Within this leaf, to every eye
So little worth, doth hidden lie
Most rare and subtle fragrancy.

Wouldst thou its secret strength unbind?
Crush it, and thou shalt perfume find,
Sweet as Arabia's spicy wind.

II.

In this dull stone, so poor, and bare
Of shape and lustre, patient care
Will find for thee a jewel rare.

But first must skillful hands essay,
With file and flint, to clear away
The film which hides its fire from day.

III.

This leaf, this stone! It is thy heart;
It must be crushed by pain and smart,
It must be cleansed by sorrow's art—

Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,
Ere it will shine, a jewel meet
To lay before thy dear Lord's feet.

—*W. Wilberforce.*

Communications.

For The Messenger.

PUBLICATION INTERESTS AND MINISTERS.

It is gratifying to know, not only that our Publications have larger lists of subscribers than ever before in their history, but more especially that our people are receiving the benefit that comes from reading them. Every minister, who has had his eyes open, can testify that those families, in which one or more of the Church periodicals are taken and read, are more interested and active in church work than those who take no Church paper. In a word, all observing ministers know that a good Church paper is their chief helper in all religious work, and that its influence for good to individuals and families is beyond calculation. This being so generally admitted, is it not rather surprising that so many ministers are slow to press the matter upon their people of taking, reading, and paying for our Church papers. I never could understand why all our ministers do not feel it to be both a duty and a privilege to use their utmost endeavor to influence every family to subscribe for one or more of our Church periodicals. Certain it is that if they are concerned to build up their congregations, and develop the piety of old and young, a good Church paper is the right arm of their power in doing it. From purely selfish considerations, it will pay well to work for our printing establishment. It will bring in more salary; more benevolent money; more donations; more everything good. It will cultivate more love for the pastor, secure him better audiences, and larger catechetical classes. It will thus be money in his pocket, encouragement to his heart, and be likely to keep him longer in any good charge than he could possibly otherwise remain. In short, if anything will give a minister a continual "boost"—keep him prominently before the people—and make them feel that he is the "right man in the right place," it will be his working for, and their reading of the Church papers.

If any minister thinks that it don't belong to his calling, or that it is beneath his dignity to act as agent for the Publication Board in getting subscribers, and making collections for our Church papers, we beg leave to say to him that he is greatly mistaken, and that he is standing greatly in his own light. He cannot well be more honorably or profitably employed. If his calling is to give instruction and comfort to his people, then certainly he is doing it in large part, when he influences them to take and read our periodicals; yea, he may thus reach them more frequently and more effectually than by his pulpit, or pastoral ministrations. I believe that to circulate our Church papers is one of the best ways of preaching, and attending to pastoral work. I am sure that if any minister will canvass his charge at least once a year for new subscribers to our Church papers, and to collect dues on papers, he will do both himself and his people a vast good—a good that he cannot do himself or them in any other way. I do not mean to say, of course, that an active elder, deacon, or other intelligent member cannot do this work also. What I mean is, that the minister must see that it is done, and, as a rule, he can do it best himself. It is fully in the line of his ministerial and pastoral work.

The Methodist Episcopal, and United Brethren Churches, understand this matter better, perhaps, than most other denominations do. Their Conferences *require* of their ministers to see to this matter of circulating their Church papers. The minister must report at every Conference how many papers of the Church are taken in his charge. This is a healthy stimulus to keep them up to the work. Our own Pittsburgh Synod, at its last meeting in Greensburg, adopted the same rule; and we believe it would be well if all our Synods would do so. We need more enterprise in this as well as in some other directions. Elder Binkley is doing a grand work in stirring up ministers and people to take greater interest in publication affairs, but there ought to be a Binkley in every charge all the time. Every minister at least ought to be a Binkley in enthusiasm, earnestness, and industry, to circulate the Church papers.

Brethren of the ministry and of the eldership, the Board looks to you, and depends upon you mainly to make their work effective for good in the Church. Many of you are doing nobly; let *all* do their full duty. ONE OF THE BOARD.

INTERESTING OCCASION.

It will be seen from a communication in another place that the anniversary of the birth of Rev. Dr. J. W. Nevin and Rev. J. G. Fritchey, aged respectively, seventy-nine and eighty years, was celebrated at Lancaster, on the 20th inst. We are indebted to the *New Era* for the addresses delivered on the occasion. *Dr. Thomas G. Apple* said:

Rev. Dr. Nevin: It is not easy to express in appropriate words the thoughts and feelings that rise in our minds and hearts on this occasion. Your friends, neighbors and former pupils have gathered here to offer you their heartfelt congratulations on this 79th anniversary of your birthday. We congratulate you on reaching an age accorded to comparatively few of our race, and rejoice with you in the measure of health and strength vouchsafed to you in the good providence of God; for as we meet you here to-night you "eye is not dim nor your natural force abated." The weight of years rests gently upon your silvered head, your familiar countenance, marked indeed by lines of thought as we have always known it, still beams upon us with its wonted radiance, mellowed by the higher celestial light that betokens the calm evening of life, and the promise of the eternal day. But especially do we rejoice in the ripened vigor of spiritual and intellectual life that continues unabated. Though retired from the more ordinary offices of a teacher among us, yet in your regular pulpit ministrations and the production of your pen we still enjoy the benefit of your ripened powers. The spirit of your life and life work still presides over the institutions in which for many years you labored, and your visible presence among us continues to attract to you the affectionate regard and reverence of your old pupils.

Indeed, I feel that in a certain sense I speak for them here to-night. In spirit they are always with us when an occasion arises for a formal presentation of our respectful and heartful greetings, and in letters they express their desire to be present. Many generations of them have come and gone since the earliest of them received the benefit of your instructions, but wherever they are scattered abroad in the world, and fighting the battle of life, they carry with them their warm affections for the honored guide of their youth. *Caernarvon* has become a Mecca in their thoughts, to which, on an occasion like this, they would count it a privilege to turn their footsteps. For these absent ones, as well as for those who come here this evening, I present this affectionate greeting.

This reference to the past calls up reminiscences of which it would be a pleasure to speak in this festive hour. But to do so would unduly occupy the time for those personal congratulations your friends have come to present. Therefore, I will allow myself to give brief utterance to but one thought in this connection which is suggested by your long and honored life; it is the untiring and unshaken devotion to truth which has ever characterized the researches of your gifted mind and labors as a Christian teacher and minister of the Lord. The attainment of wisdom is not reached in those straight and easy paths of human thought with which many are satisfied, but rather in that pathway of faith illumined by Him who is the leader and finisher of the same, yea who is himself the *way*, the *truth*, and the *life*. Grappling with the deepest problems of thought, with those great intellectual powers with which God endowed you, and standing in the front rank of Christian philosophers, where your honored name is known both in America and Europe, your life has taught us that in whatever ways the mind may be led and guided in seeking the truth, its greatest success and victory must be found alone in *Him* who is the light of the world. The fidelity and courage with which you have led us in the great struggle for the truth as it is in Christ will remain as an encouragement, and an inspiration for those who come after you when you shall have gone to your heavenly reward. All your teachings in the deeper and more intricate paths of human thought which remain with us still were made to resolve steadily around this central sun. In the unfolding of this great Christological mysterium with unceasing appreciation as the years of the great future come in, and as the world struggle between Christian faith and unbelief approaches its consummation. As the growing skepticism of the ages utters itself in the words of Pilate spoken in the very presence of our Lord, "What is truth?" with no belief that it ever could be answered, and is strengthening in our day by the agnosticism of unbelieving science, the answer will come in thunder tones to condemn unbelief, and support and encourage faith, from that same Lord of life and glory, "*I am the truth*," "he that keepeth my words shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

Rich and profound ideas in the region of philosophic thought we have received from your teaching, ideas that underlie that unfolding of the world's life in its social and political economy, and higher truths have we heard from you on the great themes of the Christian salvation, but they all circle around this one centre, the mystery that solves all problems, the light that irradiates all truth. For the manner in which you have directed us to it as the truth of truths, we are bound to you as admiring pupils and learners. The Theological Seminary, the College, professors and students, citizens of this city, friends and neighbors, gather here to-night to offer you our regard and love on this 79th anniversary of your birth.

To this festal greeting has been invited a brother minister of the Lancaster Classis, who in this same month celebrated his 80th birthday, Rev. John G. Fritchey, who has labored in the Christian ministry for a period of 54 years. Pastor Fritchey began his labors in what may be called the earlier days of the Reformed church in this country, when its ministers were few and its people scattered and to a large extent unsupplied with the ministrations of the gospel. His long life has been steadily devoted to the great work of the Christian ministry. He, too, is blessed with health and strength sufficient still to labor among us, and he is at present engaged in active ministerial work. It has been thought fitting that your brethren should take this occasion to express their greeting to you as the oldest minister in this Classis. Reminiscences might here also be called up of years of faithful pastoral labor, of self-denial and sacrifice that are known to us, and serve as lessons for those who come after. In a more private way we have been interested in listening to the account of these labors, which began before I was born.

But the friends who are assembling here are waiting to present personally their congratulations, and I may no longer detain them. Brethren, fathers in the ministry of our Lord Jesus, we greet you on the near approach to your journey's end. We rejoice with you on the success of your life work. We pray that the evening of your days may be serene and happy in that faith and hope of the gospel of our Lord which you have faithfully preached, and we shall seek to gather courage and inspiration of this joyous occasion for the work that may still be before us as we strive to follow in your footsteps to the goal of our hopes and aspirations. May we all come to the greeting that shall be given at last to all His people by our Lord and Master in the blessed reunion in Heaven!

REV. C. S. GERHARD'S ADDRESS.

He was followed in an address by Rev. C. S. Gerhard, of Columbia, as a representative of Lancaster Classis. The address was as follows:

In response to the question, "How old art thou?" addressed by King Pharaoh to the patriarch Jacob, the aged father replied, "The days of the years of my pilgrimage are a hundred and thirty years; few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage." A strong touch of melancholy pervades these words, and, I presume, it is with somewhat similar feelings that elderly people generally looks back over their past lives. However, long and prosperous their pilgrimage may have been, in summing it up they feel that the days of the years of their lives have been few, and in many respects evil; that is full of sorrow and disappointment.

If there are exceptions to this experience, and we believe that there are, we would naturally look for them among Christian ministers, who constitute a unique class of men, summoned to the work of the ministry, separated unto Jesus Christ, removed from the avocations of the world, they look upon life in a way different from most men. To them success does not mean worldly gain and honor, but the triumph of the Gospel. They regard life as a battle to be fought, as a race to be run, as a sphere of grave responsibility, the golden privileges, that shall open at last to the life immortal beyond the grave, and there bring them their reward. When St. Paul, grown old in the service of Jesus Christ, stood on the brink of the tomb, he remembered the past, not triumph, and gazing into the future, with the piercing eye of faith, he saw a crown awaiting him there. These were his words, and what a contrast there is between them and those of Jacob! "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." Why should not the declaration of aged persons in the case of all the true servants of the Lord be like that of the Apostle, rather than like that of the Patriarch?

For more than half a century the two brethren in whose honor we are assembled, have stood as watchmen on the walls of Zion. During this time the significance of the Christian ministry has been most beautifully portrayed in their lives, the one being constantly engaged in the active duties of the pastorate, and the other as a teacher of theology—the latter fitting laborers for the vineyard, the former never weary in leading souls to Christ.

What spheres of usefulness grander than these could possibly be found in the world, what fields of activity at all comparable with them? Teachers of theology and ministers of the word are the men who shape the course of history. The potency of wealth is great, the might of political combination greater, but the power of living thought is greatest. Ideas rule the world. And the ideas which reach farthest and strike deepest are those with which the theologian has to do, because "religion is the profoundest spring and root of man's being, and gives tone and character to every normal utterance of his life." Kings and presidents are only executives. The real monarchs are the men who shape the thinking of the age in which they live.

To be a teacher, not of denominational Shibboleths and petrified doctrines, but of theology as living science, that has to do with a living God and His relation of man, *this* is a work than which there is none more sublime on earth. It is difficult, too. To grapple with the soul problems of humanity; to master the whole field of philosophical endeavor; to stand not only at the forefront of the thinking of the age, but to master the intellectual achievements of all ages; to grasp the true significance of the history of Christian doctrines; to bring things new and old out of the Word of God in such a way as to meet and satisfy the deepest wants of fresh young minds, by furnishing them with a system of theology that is at once conservative and progressive—this is hard work. Such teaching can be the outgrowth only of earnest prayer and preserving thought, exemplifying at once Luther's adage, "*Bene orasse, est bene studuisse*," and Carlyle's saying, "Thought .....is it not the daughter of pain? Born as out of the black whirlwind; true effort, in fact, as of a captive struggling to free himself: that is thought."

The venerable teacher, in whose honor we are assembled to-night, has left an indelible impression on the thinking of the age. As long as the Reformed church exists he will live in the *Mercersburg Review*, in the *Mystical Presence*, and more especially in the lives and theological thinking of the many students whose minds and hearts have been kindled by the touch of his magic wand. Not that we are your servile slaves. You yourself taught us the necessity of independence of thought. We can follow you only whither our own convictions lead us.

Equal in importance with the duties of the teacher of theology are those of the pastor. His field is broader, and, in some respects, more varied, but we have here the same work still, that of ministering to the spiritual wants of men, making plain to them that Jesus Christ is the Way, the Truth and the Life, and that no one cometh unto the Father apart from Him. A highly gifted one has most beautifully said: "Every faculty of the soul, if it would but open its doors, might see Christ standing over against it, and silently asking by His smile, 'Shall I not come in unto thee?' But men open the door and look down, not up, and thus see him not. So it is that they sigh on, not knowing what the soul wants, but only that it needs something. Our yearnings are homesicknesses for heaven; our sighings are for God, just as children that cry themselves asleep, away from home, and sob in their slumber, know not they sob for their parents. The soul's inarticulate moanings are the affections yearning for the Infinite, and having no one to tell them what it is that ails them."

To interpret these soul-longings; to respond to these otherwise "unrecognized voices" calling in the dark; to teach men to look upward; to point out Jesus, so that they will see Him as the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world; to unfold the mystery of the cross; to disclose the light of the resurrection; to show clearly that the kingdom of heaven is open to all believers; in short, to lead young and old to Christ, the only satisfaction and satisfaction of all hearts, the only Saviour from misery, sin and death—this is a work than which there is none more sublime either on the earth.

This, too, involves arduous labor. To "preach the word, to be instant in season, out of season, to reprove, to rebuke, to exhort with all long-suffering and teaching;" to be "in weariness and painfulness, and watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness," as many pastors must be, is certainly hard, but after all it only emphasizes the glorious truth that after the cross comes the crown, and that those that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.

Venerable fathers and brothers! In the name of Lancaster Classis and the entire Reformed church, I present to you the heartiest congratulations of the pastor and people of the Church in which you have been for so long a time such faithful and zealous laborers.

REV. J. G. FRITCHEY'S RESPONSE.

Rev. J. G. Fritchey responded very feelingly to the complimentary remarks which had been made, and related some interesting incidents of his own experience. He remembered well the impression made on his youthful mind when a boy of nine years he felt his pastor's hand on his head, expressing the hope that he might become a minister. He became a communicant member of the Reformed Church in 1821, and was ordained to the ministry in 1828. His work in the Church was largely of a missionary character. He labored in North Carolina, Maryland and Pennsylvania. He remembered well when the Reformed Church had only sixty ministers in this country and rejoiced that the number had increased to nearly one thousand. He attributed this increase to the influence of the literary and theological institutions of the church.

DR. NEVIN'S RESPONSE.

The venerable Dr. Nevin now arose and said he did not intend to make any formal address, but he desired to express his hearty appreciation of the complimentary attention which he had received. He said his days had been protracted long beyond what he, in early and middle life, had anticipated. He rejoiced that he was permitted to live to see the measure of success which had attended the system of thought with which he had been identified from the beginning, that is, the relation which the Christological idea must sustain to all correct theological as well as philosophical thinking. After dwelling at some length on this thought, with his well-known earnestness, he suddenly remembered that he did not intend to make an address, and amidst the merry laughter of his auditors he sat down after again thanking all for the respect they had accorded him. The repetition of the Creed in unison, the chanting of the Lord's prayer, and benediction by Dr. Gerhart ended the formal service. Social conversations and refreshments followed, after which the hour of parting soon arrived and the happy occasion was ended.

Family Reading.

THE OLD UNREST.

To-night, again I feel the old unrest,
The strain, and stir, and tumult in the breast,
As though the soul assailed its walls of clay
On every side, and strove to break away!
So have I seen a lion in his cage
Spring at the iron bars in helpless rage,
Or plunge against the walls with fruitless bound,
And with loud protests shake the buildings round!
To-night there comes the longing to be free,
Away above the mountains and the sea—
Away through skies to some more glorious clime
From the poor present to some richer time—
Away, away forever! Ah, how vain!
For are they free who break this mortal chain?
Flies in the cob-web of relentless fate,
Our souls resent and scorn the present state;
Each soul a tantalus, and over each
Forever hangs the bliss it cannot reach!

There is no soul but has some dear regret,
For something lost, on which the heart was set;
Through tear-drop prisms still we see it glow,
Rimmed with the splendors of the glorious bow;
There is no soul but sometimes takes its flight,
To those far skies that made its youth so bright.
In search of something lost, and, with a sigh,
Gives o'er the search, returns and waits to die,
And treads the stony way with bleeding feet,
To find it when the heart has ceased to beat.

—*Abraham Perry Miller.*

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT AIGUES-MORTES.

By Charles Dudley Warner.

Perhaps you do not remember the details of the charming story of "Pierre de Provence et de la Belle Maguelonne?" It was a favorite history in the twelfth century. This romance was turned into verse in 1178, by Barnard le Trivier, canon of Maguelonne, and it is said that it was one of the first books that Petrarch read when he came to Avignon, and that he attempted to perfect it.

The story is, in brief, this: Pierre was the son of Jean de Provence and his lovely wife, the daughter of Don Alvares, Count of Barcelona. He had considerable fortune, and the right to reign sovereign of the Comtal, but he preferred peace to glory, and did not dispute the title with his usurping brother, but lived with more content at Cavaillon, with his beautiful and virtuous wife, than if he had possessed the empire of the world. Pierre was their only child. He was most carefully educated, trained to all exercises in arms as well as letters; modest, virtuous, handsome. No one could excel him in the pastimes of chivalry; he could turn a neater verse than the professional troubadours, and he unhorsed and conquered all the knights that came from all Europe to his father's tournaments. Before he was of age he had the renown of an unconquerable knight. Attractive as he was in person he was a stranger to the passion of love, and loved then, and all his life, virtue more than gallantry.

One day at his father's table some gallant knights whom he had overthrown in the lists spoke much of the court of the King of Naples and of the exquisite beauty of Maguelonne, the daughter of the king. Pierre was suddenly inflamed with the desire of seeing her and playing a knight's part in the tourneys of such a court. With difficulty he obtained permission of his parents to go in search of adventures. When he departed his inconsolable mother presented him with three precious rings. With a small following of servants he reached Naples, where he took retired lodgings and remained unknown. At the first proclamation of the tournament he entered the lists as a nameless knight. Needless to say that he overturned everbody who opposed him. He saw la belle Maguelonne and was ravished with her beauty and her sweetness. She, on her part, was equally enamored of him. He was signally honored by the king and invited to a banquet at the palace. There he exchanged words with the idol of his eyes, who was most gracious to the young knight. But he refused all solicitations to disclose his name and rank.

Tournament followed tournament. He was always victorious, and was advanced more and more in the favor of the king and queen. But the new-felt passion of love tormented him. It tormented also the fair Maguelonne, who had never felt it before. And with a fresh and sweet sincerity, which cannot be too much commended, she sent him word by her maid of her state of mind. The maid arranged an interview in her apartment in the palace. The two lovers, whose love was as pure as snow, vowed never to love or to marry other man or woman. On her entreaty he disclosed his name. But there were political reasons why he could not ask her hand of her father. It is curious to note, in a story of that age, that she did not care for rank; birth, she said, was only an accident, and she wished she had been a simple peasant girl, only then she would have liked him to have lived on the next farm, so that they could have married without leave of anybody.

Obstacles to their union were many; she feared that some day her father would compel her to accept for husband a disagreeable knight whom she hated. The lovers took the bold resolve of escaping together. Taking her personal jewels they sallied forth at night on horseback, with a few faithful attendants. At dawn they stopped in a lonely wood by the sea-shore to repose. The tired girl, trusting always the honor of her pure lover, slept reclining in his arms. As she slept, a little wooden box, which contained the three rings of his mother that Pierre had given her, slipped from her pocket. A sea-bird, seeing it, swooped down and carried it off. Pierre, folding his cloak for Maguelonne to rest her head upon, gently laid her down and went in pursuit of the bird, who dropped the box into the sea. Pierre jumped into a leaky fishing-boat which had no oars, and pushed out to recover it. A wind blew the boat from the shore further and further. Pierre was in despair. The one accomplishment he lacked was swimming.

Result. The boat was blown out at sea. Pierre was picked up by some Moorish pirates, sold as a slave to the Sultan of Alexandria, became a great favorite with the Sultan, assisted him in council and in war. The Sultan would make him his son and give him his daughter. Pierre said it was not the manner of his religion to have more than one wife, and that he was betrothed already. The Sultan thought the more wives the better, He attempted to convert his slave, but Pierre resisted all the arguments of the dervishes and all the blandishments of the seducing Odalisques. At last after eight years of captivity, the Sultan gave Pierre his liberty, embarked him on a vessel bound to Provence, and enriched him with loads of jewels and fine stuffs, which for security were placed in fourteen barrels covered with salt at each end.

The vessel stopped for water at a little island. Pierre wandered ashore and was left, while the vessel sailed on and by chance came to Aigues-Mortes, and left the barrels of salt at a hospital on a little island near by, in charge of the Superior, who stored them away, having learned that they were the property of a passenger left behind. And in this passenger, for some reason, she took an uncommon interest. Pierre, after as many adventures as Ulysses, came at last himself to Aigues-Mortes, sick and forlorn, and sought the shelter of the hospital, over which presided a charming young Superior, who always wore her veil, whose name was concealed, and who was only known by her bountiful charity and her loving, tender spirit to all the unfortunate.

The story of Maguelonne, after her abondonment, is equally romantic. She dared not go back to Naples for fear of involving her attendants in dire punishment. Instead, she made a pilgrimage to Rome in company with an honest and lovely family who were going there to get a dispensation from the Pope for the marriage of their daughter to her cousin. From Rome she sought Provence, the country of her lover. There she found the story of her flight was known, and from what she heard of the anger of his parents against her she did not dare to present herself to them. She went to the little island near Aigues-Mortes, and founded a hospital for pilgrims. Her renown soon spread. Among those who came to see her were Count Jean and Isabella his wife. They learned to love her for herself; and, finally, she disclosed to them her name, and all her faithful love and hope. She believed that Pierre had been captured by the Moslems, and that some day he would return.

One day a fisherman brought to the chateau at Cavaillon a fine turbot and presented it to the Countess Isabelle. What was her surprise on opening it to find within a small wooden box which contained the three rings she had given to Pierre. This was proof to the parents that Pierre was dead, and they had performed funeral services accordingly. But Maguelonne would not accept this as proof of his loss, and still waited for him.

In the hospital Pierre, who was very weak, was tenderly nursed by the veiled Superior, who, however, did not dare to disclose herself for fear of the effect of sudden joy in his exhausted condition. He told her his sad story. At length when he was a little recovered she told him that Maguelonne lived, that she knew her well; and one day she brought Pierre a letter written in Maguelonne's own hand, which he recognized. When she feigned the necessity of three days' absence, on her return she invited Pierre to supper in her apartments. What was his astonishment to see there his father and his mother, and Maguelonne herself, in all her radiant sweetness.

Does not all the world know that they were married immediately, and that they succeeded to the throne of Naples, probably the happiest king and queen who ever sat upon it, or on any throne, and that their only son united on his head the crown of Naples and that of the Comte of Provence? It is needless to say that the fourteen barrels of salt were not forgotten at the wedding.

When I stood outside the walls of Aigues-Mortes that night, toward the setting of the sun, the washer-women of the city were gathering their clothes from the lines stretched on stakes driven into the sand. Children were playing around their mothers by the edge of the salt and tideless water. Under the high walls, in the full play of the generous sun, sat on the gravel a few old men, apparently contented in idleness and rags. Over the rosy water and the gray marsh, and under a sky blazing with broken clouds of orange and pink and green, I fancied I could see the happy island and hospital walls where the constant Pierre was nursed back to life by la belle Maguelonne. Perhaps they were only in the sky.—*Christian Union.*

Twenty Christians can fight heroically where one can suffer greatly and be strong and be still.—*Dr. Cuyler.*

MAKING FRIENDS WITH OUTDOORS.

I count it supreme good fortune for a child to early learn the love of mother earth. It is hard to begin that lesson later in life. Of all the kindnesses I owe to the love-guided wisdom of my father and mother, there is hardly one for which I thank them so much as for sending me every Summer, when a child, to spend two or three months upon a lonely farm in one of the hill towns of New England. I think the pure and simple happiness of those days sank deep into my blood. I remember no conscious ecstasies in the beauty of nature, but long happy days to which her companionship lent a half-conscious, ever-present delight. I remember the since unknown beauty and freshness of the early mornings, and the boyish races to the favorite tree under which the few great, rosy apples, fallen in the night, lay in the dewy grass. I remember the feeling to my bare feet of the pastures over which we scampered through the day like young colts. The little brook where we built dams and raced the boats we had whittled out in the Winter; the rocky forest-covered ledges we climbed to cut fishpoles and gather birch bark and hunt the chestnuts that gleamed brown amid the grass or nestled in half-opened, velvet-lined burrs; the shaking open the heavy swaths of wet grass behind the mowers, and sharing their lunch of doughnuts and cheese; the "raking after" the hay-cart, and the excitement of hurrying a load into the barn before a threatening thunder-shower; the making of elder popguns and corn stalk fiddles, and the setting of rabbit-traps; the Sunday morning rides to the meeting-house on the hill; the sacred and thrilling hush that on that day lay upon the woods and fields; the falling of the cool evening shadows; the cry of the whippoorwill and the chirp of the August crickets,—it all comes back to me now. I think it has never gone away, but blended with the springs of the life-current. Children are so readily drawn to nature! They love the grass, the dirt, the water, as if some sure instinct drew them straight to the lap of their great mother. Let them learn to know and to love her.

HOMES THAT ARE HOMES.

What constitutes a home? Not costly living, nor fine furniture, nor glittering pomp. It takes something better than this to make a home. It takes consideration for the feelings as well as the bodies of others—consideration for their peculiarities, too, and consideration for their preferences. Consideration is the kindly angel of home; and no home is home in the sweetest and best sense of the word, where the white wings of Consideration are not spread lovingly over the family circle. We can no more ride rough-shod over the feelings of others than we can over their bodies; and one is entitled to as much respect as the other. It is not by great actions that we make home happy; it is not by throwing around the glitter that money buys, but it is by attending to small things, even as small as laying a rosebud on the plate of the one who loves flowers, and who, pinning it on her dress, carries through the day the perfume of a loving deed.

ATTENDANCE AT CHURCH.

The influence of a Christian is determined by his devotion to those duties which his profession places upon him. The impression made by a church upon the community depends upon the consistency of its members in their daily walk, and the enthusiasm of the members with reference to the Church's interests. The attachment of people to their church is tested fairly by their attendance upon its services and their contributions of time, and labor, and money to its support. But the most visible, most apparent expression of attachment, is regularity in attendance. Just as the congregations are large or small, will the strength or weakness of the church be manifest. If you love your church, therefore, do all you can to increase its strength and influence by honoring all her appointments as far as in you lieth.—*Pacific Churchman.*

OLD-FASHIONED POLITENESS.

In the rush and hurry of life we leave behind us sometimes things we had better take with us. We drop some of our sweetest roses on the way, and forget to pick them up again.

We call ourselves progressive, and take pride in our advancement; but there are matters in which we were excelled by our ancestors, such, for instance, as politeness—a politeness observable in the young as well as the old.

The old-school system of courtesy was vastly unlike that of modern times. When carried to an excess, it savored of absurdity; when within proper bounds, it was exceedingly attractive.

Louis XIV. of France never passed even one of the women servants of his palace without touching his hat to them. In his reign no gentleman ever addressed a lady with his hat on. This appears to have been a period of politeness in excess. When Louis was complaining of his teeth to the Cardinal d'Estrée, who had very fine ones, he replied with great vivacity, "Ah! sire, who has teeth?" A piece of politeness exceeding that of the expiring Chesterfield, "Hand Dayrolles a chair."

That there is very little of the old-school politeness in modern times is only too true. The manner of the modern young gentleman) is apt to be aggressive, somewhat defiant, self-pleasing, and what is vulgarly termed "bossy." She trusts for pleasing more to her pretty face, or figure, or stylish dress; most frequently she is entirely indifferent about pleasing at all, excepting young gentlemen of course. There is an absence of that courteous consideration for others, that instinctive respect for age, that disinterested politeness to those of low degree as well as those of high.

There is something inexpressibly charming in the high-bred courtesy, the dignified affability, the far reaching politeness of the lady of the old school. Loud, blustering talk, vulgar obtrusiveness, indifference to the comfort and pleasure of others, are utterly unknown to her. Refined, modest, yet self-possessed, her wish is to please others as well as herself. She holds firmly to her opinions without being self-opinionated; never thrusts her personality on any one, and walks at all times and in all places by the unvarying rule of politeness.

When a low-born man entreated James I. to make him a gentleman, he replied, "Na, na, I canna. I could make thee a lord, but none but God Almighty can mak a gentleman." This is true in a very limited sense. While some persons are endowed by nature with more politeness than others, education, training, and a desire to please can impart what nature has denied. The boy educated in the school of politeness never forgets his *alma mater;* and the girl trained in the old school carries with her the mark of a lady, even when no glitter of wealth, or pomp of circumstance surrounds her.

The English and some of the American journals have recently been discussing the manners of American girls; and it is as well to call their attention to the fact. There is no such thing as being too refined, too polite, or too pleasing; and the time passed in acquiring a little old-fashioned politeness will be well spent.

A PRAYER FOR DELIVERANCE.

C. M. PACKARD.

Give to me the larger life!
Let my captive spirit be
Loosed from self, and bound to Thee!
From the dissonance and strife
Of a will unconquered yet,
Sore with longing and regret,
Of an evil purpose rife.
Lo, Thy gracious kingdom slands
Open, welcoming, and free,
Guide me from the desert lands
To the springs that are in Thee!

Narrow is the world, and cold,
When my own is all I seek,
When my selfishness doth speak
Bitter things, could I but hold,
Steadfast and serene, my gaze
On the deepening heavens above,
How the sunlight of Thy love
Would inform these clouded days!
'Tis the poverty in me,
Not the shallowness in Thee,
That forbids a loyal praise.

'Tis the gracious presence lost
At life's feast, that counts it poor,
Useless splendor, mocking cost,
When Thou art forbid the door.
Enter, Lord, forevermore!
With that wondrous faith of Thine,
Shame this timid faith of mine!
With the freeness of Thy giving,
Oh, rebuke my sordid living,
From this direst bondage, free:
From myself, deliver me!

—*Sunday School Times.*

SABBATH REST.

I wish all tired people did but know the infinite rest there is in fencing off the six days from the seventh. In anchoring the business ships of your daily life as the Saturday draws to its close, leaving them to ride peacefully upon the flow or the ebb until Monday morning comes again, O, the delight, the lull of feeling: "No need to settle this question, no need to think of this piece of work, for a whole long, sweet thirty-six hours." Why do you take Sunday papers to keep your nerves astir with business on the Lord's own day of rest? Why do you add up and consult and consider in the pauses of the sermon, or make opportunity for a business-whisper in the porch and on the way home? Why do you let the perplexities of servants, of means, of plans ruffle your spirits on the one great day of freedom? Do you not know that even a debtor may walk abroad on Sunday with no fear of a prison, and house-doors may stand open and no sheriff can enter? Shall it be worse with your mind than with your body?

"Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born."

It is the high court of the Prince of peace. —*Tired Church Members.*

A CHEERFUL HOME.

A single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One frowning glance may cast a gloom over the household; while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers, which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance and beauty, so do kind words and gentle acts and sweet dispositions make glad the home where peace and blessing dwell. No matter how humble the abode, if it be thus garnished with grace and brightened with the light of patience and love, the heart will turn longingly toward it from all tumults of the world; if it be ever so homely it will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.

And the influences of home perpetuate themselves. The gentle grace of the mother lives in the daughters long after her head is pillowed in the dust of death; and fatherly kindness finds its echo in the nobility and courtesy of sons who fill his place; while, on the other hand, from an unhappy, misgoverned, and disordered home, go forth persons who shall make other homes miserable, and perpetuate the sourness and sadness, the contentions and strifes and railings, which made their own early lives so wretched and distorted.

Toward the cheerful home the children gather "as clouds and as doves to their windows," while from the home which is the abode of discontent and strife and trouble, they fly forth as vultures to rend their prey.

The class of men that disturb and disorder and distress the world are not those born and nurtured amid the hallowed influences of Christian homes; but rather those whose early life has been a scene of trouble and vexation, who have started wrong in the pilgrimage, and whose course is one of disaster to themselves and trouble to those around them.

Selections.

Oh, draw me, Father, after Thee,
So shall I run and never tire;
With gracious words still comfort me,
Be Thou my hope, my sole desire,
Free me from every weight, nor fear
Nor sin can come if Thou art near.

—*John Wesley.*

Give a helping hand when you may, and if in need of assistance yourself, gratefully take it if it is freely offered; but never wait for it. Independence is always honored; therefore be independent, and by self-reliance show that at least you are deserving of success.

The healthy Christian life finds its inspiration, not in contemplating its own spiritual states, but in beholding Christ. In the memoirs of most successful missionaries we find little record of subjective experiences. They were absorbed in viewing the needs of men and the love of Christ. They spent not much time in gauging their faith. They were looking unto Jesus, the beginner and completer of it.—*A. E. Dunning.*

Personal.

The late Frances Ridley Havergal's "Swiss Letters" are delightful reading, and give that pious and lovely woman a new character—that, namely, of a romp.

Mr. B. F. Newcomer, of Baltimore, Md., but a native of Washington county, has offered prizes to the boys of that county, as follows: To the boy who shall raise the most Indian corn on one fourth of an acre of land, in the year 1882, one hundred dollars in gold. To the boy who shall raise the next largest quantity, fifty dollars in gold; and to the boy who shall raise the next largest quantity, twenty dollars in gold; and to the next fifteen; to the next ten, and to the next five. The awards will be made subject to the rules adopted by the Agricultural and Mechanical Association of Washington county.—*Sun.*

Useful Hints and Recipes.

Fried Apples and Pork.—Take four slices of salt pork, freshened, cut them into small bits, and fry a light color. Slice up half a dozen apples into the pan, and cook with the pork till soft. Sprinkle a little sugar over it and serve.

A Cheap Ottoman.—Packing boxes can be made into very nice ottomans. Line the box with paper; then cover the lid loosely with calico, and stuff between the calico and lid to form the shape. Cover the whole with reps, flowered chintz, or turkey-red; border the edges of the lid with cord and add long tassels at each corner. Have hinges put to the lid. This ottoman is convenient not only as a seat, but for throwing in the newspapers about a room, or for keeping out of sight the duster and dust-pan.

Hints on Cake Baking.—When cakes are made without yeast or eggs, soda and powder being the substitutes, they require baking in a moderately hot oven, and should be drawn directly they are done, or they get dry and tasteless. For a plain cake, made with one pound of flour, &c., the time to be allowed in baking would be from forty to fifty minutes, at the outside not more than an hour. Yeast cakes take longer—say from ten to fifteen minutes—and will bear being left in the oven rather over the time without much injury. Very rich cakes, in which butter and eggs predominate, take of course very much longer time to cook, a pound cake taking from an hour and half or two hours, and a bride cake three and a half. On no account should an oven be too hot when the cake is put in—that is, hot enough to brown at once; if so, in five minutes the whole outside will be burned, and the interior will stand little chance of being cooked. The old plan of feeling the handle of the oven door to test the heat is not always successful; it is better to sprinkle a little flour inside and shut the door for about three minutes; if at the end of that time it is of a rich light brown the cake may be put in, but if burned the heat must first be lessened.

In making cakes see that all the ingredients are thoroughly dried before use, even the flour; this, for a very rich cake, where a dark color is wanted, may be baked, as it adds materially to the rich appearance of the condiment. Beat the eggs in a cool place, near an open window if possible, and there let them stay till wanted. It may not be out of place here if I suggest to any lady amateur who wishes to practice the art of cake making that she should take care to have all her ingredients ready to her hand before commencing her work—sugar pounded, raisins stoned and chopped if necessary, citron cut up, currants washed and dried, and tins already greased to hold the mixture when ready.

Miscellaneous.

THE UNWORDED MESSAGE.

Afar from home, the sworded Angel came
And spake the word that ne'er was disobeyed,
Yet ere the soul in freedom's flight essayed
To stretch glad wings they asked what wish could claim
Love's prompt fulfilment. Soft he breathed the name
Of her who bore him. At the gesture made
They brought him paper and before him laid.
With hand e'en now in Death's, he sought to frame
The last farewell. Full lightly o'er the sheet
The pencil trembling left no trace to greet
The yearning gaze; yet they, with kind deceit,
Spake not, receiving it with silent tears.
"That she may know," he said, "the love that cheers
My dying-hour and mocks at death's dark fears."

They gave the message, wordless to their sight
Ah! what, true mother-heart, to thee the need
Of words when thou thy dear one's love wouldst read?
For lo! Affection's flood of radiance bright
Pours o'er the traceless page its sacred light,
And Feelings fond, of masking language freed,
Stand forth revealed in Nature's guise, to plead
Unto her heart with more than word-born might.
And is it not e'en thus, dear Lord, with thee?
How oft the soul in ardent prayer would cry,
But finds no voice to speak its agony,
No words to bear the burden of its plea!
Yet thou, O Father, with all-seeing eye,
Canst still the heart's unvoiced desire descry. —*Independent.*

DEPARTMENT OF HOME MISSIONS.

BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.

San Francisco, Cal.

A few years ago we had only one congregation in San Francisco, and that a mission. When Rev. I. Fuendeling took charge of it, it became self-supporting. It has now 102 members, and 192 Sunday School scholars. Pastor F. since then has organized a new congregation in another part of the city, St. John's, which has, at present, 150 members, and 325 Sunday School scholars. More recently he started a third church, St. Matthew's, which has 75 members and 81 Sunday School scholars. For a time he served all three, preaching to one or the other during the week, so as to get around in his large field. A short time ago he called in to his assistance the Rev. C. F. Waldecker, who has *left his congregation at Stockton, and taken* charge of St. John's. Pastor W. has just organized a mission Sunday School in the west end of the city, and expects to give it his attention. St. Matthew's and St. John's still worship in rented halls, but they have in contemplation the erection of houses of worship of their own in the near future. From accounts, we infer that these are only the beginnings of what may be done in the German missionary field on the Pacific Coast. We lay the facts before the Church, and inquire what is our duty in the premises. It is as clear to us as a sunbeam, that, if we sustain as we should these missions in California and Oregon, it will not be very many years before they will be in a condition to support themselves, and to have their own institutions, organs and other appliances to carry forward their own work. See what the Germans have done in the Northwest in a quarter of a century, as described in our last number. Let us learn some wisdom, avoid old errors, and take a few strides forward.

The Portland-Oregon Classis.

The Portland-Oregon Classis met on the 16th and 17th of December last at Portland, and ordained the St. Chrischona brethren, Kreuter and Ewald, to the office of the holy ministry. The former was made pastor of the small congregation at Dalles, organized last summer, with 50 members, and appointed missionary to Walla Walla, 160 miles distant by railway, until other arrangements can be made. Dalles has a population of 3,000 souls, and is a growing place, 90 miles east of Portland, where the Reformed Church has a mission to fulfill. Walla Walla contains 5,000 inhabitants, situated in a healthy country, and contains many Germans, some of whom are in good circumstances. If properly attended to now, it will become at no distant day the nucleus of a new Classis. It is central to Eastern Oregon, and the territories of Washington and Idaho. In entending our Church across the continent, we must begin at the east and west ends, as capitalists do in building railroads. By and by the laborers will meet somewhere on the Rocky Mountains.

The brother, Ewald, presented a call from St. Peter's and St. John's congregations, in Clackamas county, which had been organized, and so far built up, by Pastor Lange, that they had the honor of presenting the first regular call to the Classis for a pastor. He will also serve two other points, one at Damascus, in the same county, and another at Sandy Ridge, where there is a small congregation. Thus two more laborers have found fields of usefulness opened to them in Oregon, and with the divine blessing and prayers of the Church, we may look for fruitful results.

At the same meeting of the Classis, the Rev. Hartman Strauss presented himself with a regular dismission from another Christian denomination, and was received into connection with the Reformed Church. He had been serving a small congregation of about twenty-five members, mostly Swiss, in a neighborhood thickly settled with Germans, seven or eight miles to the north-west of Portland, and hearing that our church was concerning herself about her scattered children, he with his little flock returned to the Reformed Church, to which they properly belong. They may need assistance and encouragement for a while, but the field is represented as a most promising one for the future. May the Lord count us worthy to go in and occupy the land. May He also give us grace to be faithful to our high calling.

Brief Items of Intelligence.

The Rev. D. H. Leader, of the Everett charge, (formerly Bloody Run,) in Bedford county, has been called to take charge of the Dubois mission, in the Clarion Classis, and has entered, we presume, by this time upon his duties. This is a new mission, for which an appropriation had been voted a year or more ago, but no one has had charge of it. Mr. L. is therefore its first pastor. We congratulate the mission on the choice it has made, believing that this pastoral union will be a happy and prosperous one.

At length we have the pleasure of being able to announce that the Board has been successful in securing a suitable person to take charge of the West Philadelphia Mission, in the person of the Rev. J. P. Stein, of Pottsville. Mr. S. enjoys the confidence of his brethren generally, and it is believed that with the blessing of God, he will be successful in building up this mission. It has been vacant since August last, under the care of the Superintendent; and we know, from personal observation, that the members will be glad to receive another shepherd, to lead them into green pastures and by the still waters.

The Rev. L. M. Hensel, of Iola, Kansas, has been directed to supply the mission at Emporia for the present, or until other arrangements can be made. When last heard from, Brother H. was at Tarkio, Atchison county, Mo., temporarily disabled by an attack of rheumatism, the result of exposure and overwork in a climate to which his bodily system had not as yet adapted itself. We hope he will soon rally and be able to take charge of the entire field until relieved by another laborer. He is among kind friends at present, members of the Reformed Church from the East, who wish to be organized into a church.

The missions of the Classis of Iowa, six in number, one of which is vacant, as already announced, have been taken formally under the care of the eastern board. For their support the Synod of the Potomac has agreed to raise by special assessments $450, and the Synod of Pittsburgh $250. With this amount of help, the Classis will be in a condition to extend its missionary operations. The eastern churches have been assisting these missions to a greater or less extent all along, but we have not been in a condition to give information in regard to their condition or prospects. For the future we will be able to give some account of their progress from their quarterly reports to the Board. Their first reports, which should be as complete as possible, giving their history, facts and details, will be due on the 1st of April next.

Items of Interest.

A baby in Connecticut that was fed on elephant's milk gained twenty pounds in one week. It was the baby-elephant.

A statue to Byron, erected by Greeks who revere his memory, has been erected at Missolonghi, where the poet died in 1824.

The non-polygamous Mormons, under Joseph Smith, Jr., are moving vigorously against the Utah evil. They support missionaries to preach against it, and claim to have converted 10,000 persons. They favor vigorous measures by Congress. Smith lives in Iowa.

Surrey Chapel will always be famous as the place where Rowland Hill did his best work. But it is no longer to be a house of worship. It will soon be converted into a machine shop and a factory for the building of steam engines.

The steamer "Bahama," plying between New York and the West Indies, foundered in a gale on February 10th. Two boats left the vessel, and one, in command of the captain, was capsized, twenty-one occupants being lost. The other boat-crew were picked up by a passing vessel and brought to New York.

The coroner's inquest held in connection with the recent burning of the old *World* building has brought in a verdict charging Mr. Orlando B. Potter, the owner of the building, with criminal negligence. Mr. Potter gave bail to appear before the grand jury. Another victim of the fire is added to the list, a tenant having died from the effects of cold contracted on the day of the disaster.

The new five-cent Garfield postage stamp will be ready for issue on March 1. Dark brown has been selected as the color best calculated to bring out the fine engraving of the work. The five-cent stamp is almost entirely used for foreign correspondence, and Third Assistant Postmaster General Hazen believes that an engraving of the late President should be used for this purpose. The engraver has succeeded in producing what is pronounced to be the truest likeness of Gen. Garfield and the handsomest stamp yet issued by the Post Office Department.

A memorial is about to be presented to Mr. Gladstone by a committee formed for the defense of Westminster Abbey against any further encroachments. The memorial, which has been already numerously signed, protests emphatically against the transfer to Westminster School of any portions of the Abbey buildings, which will not result in any increase of usefulness to the school, but will cause the destruction of many valuable and interesting remains. A Royal Commission is asked for to consider and report upon the whole question.

A new method of municipal transportation is about to be tested in Boston. By means of a system of coupons, which will be ultimately sold at the railroad stations, the passenger, upon his arrival in Boston, can take a coupe, especially reserved for him, and be conveyed directly and speedily to any part of the city desired. No attention to his baggage will be required, as that will be provided for by the company and will follow him at once to his hotel, residence, or office, as ordered. The company is now completing the details of the arrangement, and already has contracted for the construction of several elegant coupes and cabs.

Cardinal Manning, in a recent speech at Birmingham, declared that the "usurpation of Rome" had brought trouble to all the European nations. "As for Germany," said he, "no sooner had Rome been usurped than there took place that terrible conflict between France and Germany which was nothing more than the last shots of the great duel of the Thirty Years' War between North and South Germany 200 years ago, when the supremacy which was held by Southern Germany passed to the North." Unfortunately for the Cardinal, facts make sad work with the logic of this burning sentence. Rome, he is told, was occupied on September 20, 1870, some ten months later than the declaration of war between France and Germany.

Japan has a railroad in what would be called working order, perhaps, but the benefits likely to flow from it do not seem great either for the Japanese or for the cause of railways in the East. Near the end of the year 1880 a line twenty two miles long was opened from Otarunai to Sappora. It supports one train each way daily, and carries an average of 200 passengers, at moderate prices. Receipts accordingly are so small that the road is not likely ever to pay the expense of running it. Nor is it managed in a way that promises to increase its popularity. Trains frequently start one, two, and three hours behind time, and occupy two or three hours in making the twenty-two miles. Rather than wait three hours for a train that may take three hours in running twenty-two miles, one might much better walk. Moreover, passengers are not provided with cars of comfortable construction. Some of them are of primitive design and rough in appearance.

Dr. McCosh, in his report to the Board of Trustees of Princeton College, on the question of the recent cases of discipline, gives the following, which is regarded as a satisfactory settlement of the difficulty:

"This humiliating act of discipline has ended in an encouraging circumstance. The great body of the students disapproved all along of the conduct of certain members of the youngest class. Feeling the reproach that had been cast on the college, the Freshman class first, and then the other classes, have voluntarily signed a pledge that during their college course they will abstain from hazing and discourage it in every way. It is confidently expected that in consequence of the fines imposed by the criminal courts, and this pledge on the part of the whole students, the old and barbarous custom of *horn spree* and *hazing* will finally disappear from Princeton College."

Science and Art.

How to Find the Height of a tree.—Any child can measure the height of a tree without mounting it, when the tree is in the sunshine, and its shadow can be measured. Take a pole and place it in an upright position. Find the length of the pole, the length of the shadow of the pole, and the length of the shadow of the tree. Then multiply the length of the tree's shadow by the height of the pole, and divide the product by the length of the shadow of the pole. For instance, if the pole is six feet high, its shadow ten, and the shadow of the tree fifty, the height of the tree will be thirty feet.

Hardness of Stone Dependent on Climate.—According to Dr. George W. Hawes, employed by the Census Bureau to report on the building stones of the United States, a Florida stone called coquina answers admirably for use in Florida, but a house built of it in New York would soon tumble down, while the granite, which is so favorite a building stone in New York, would soon rot in the Florida climate. It has also been found that the far-famed Quincy granite is full of pentagonal cells containing air and water. Under the action of heat the water is converted into steam and bursts the stone. Hence the tendency of Quincy granite to fly to pieces in a fire.

A Ship's "Log."—The speed of vessels is approximately determined by the use of the log and log-line. The log is a triangular, or quadrangular, piece of wood about a quarter of an inch thick, so balanced by means of a plate of lead as to swim perpendicularly in the water, with about two-thirds of it under the water. The log line is a small cord, the end of which—divided into three, so that the wood hangs from the cord as a scale pan from a balance-beam—is fastened to the log, while the other is wound round a reel on the ship. The log, thus poised, keeps its place in the water, while the line is unwound from the reel as the ship moves through the water, and the length of the line unwound in a given time gives the rate of the ship's sailing. This is calculated by knots made on the line at certain distances, while the time is measured by a sand glass of a certain number of seconds. The length between the knots is so proportioned to the time of the glass that the knots unwound while the glass runs down show the number of miles the ship is sailing per hour. The first knot is placed about five fathoms from the log, to allow the latter to get clear of the ship before the reckoning commences. This is called the stray-line. The log-book, sometimes called the log for brevity, is the record that the proper officer keeps of the speed of the ship from day to day, and of any and all matters that occur that are deemed worthy of note, of the winds and storms, and especially of the ships that are sighted.

Farm and Garden.

Condition in Horses.—"Condition" has much to do with the question of ability to undergo severe labor in inclement weather without undue hazard. Condition is a state of the body not acquired in a day, as all experienced horsemen know. Without this, the trotting or the running horse is well understood to possess no hardiness; in other words, no power of endurance under hard pressure, and at the same time a vital stamina that will enable the possessor to ward off disease, though hard pressed and overheated. An attempt, often made by the novice, to put a horse in condition for hard labor by suddenly increasing his feed, is inevitably followed by failure. Only a system of prudent, steady feeling; daily, vigorous exercise of the muscles being practiced at the same time, will insure success. If this be omitted, the animal will perspire freely, with even moderate exertion. His heart will be found to run up in the frequency of its motions, thumping against the ribs more or less violently. This can easily be detected by placing the ear over the region of the heart, or, in fact, over any part of the chest in proximity to the heart. Suddenly feeding the horse up, fixes a tendency to this. Steady muscular exertion builds against this tendency, and virtually removes it, if the practice be thoroughly carried out. Do not mistake by supposing that these results will only follow *fast* work. A severe pull—even a single effort, if severe—will cause as vigorous spasmodic efforts of the heart as though the animal had been brought to his best speed under the lash.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

The Cow Stable should be kept neat and clean, or the milk cannot be perfectly pure. The air of a filthy stable will taint milk that is drawn in it; and when the air is foul, the cows under such lack of care will be more or less dirty, and some of this filth will find its way into the pail. The cows should not only be kept clean, but well sheltered, fed, and watered. Unless these things are observed, dairying in winter must be a source of loss. Just what the shelter shall be, must be determined somewhat by circumstances; and the daily rations will vary with the crops grown, and the system of management. Whatever the feed may be—hay, cut-straw, corn-fodder, each with a quantity of ground feed—or a combination of them all, it should be given with great regularity. An hour before the time one day, and an equal period after on the following day, is an irregularity in which the farmer who looks to a profit from his stock, cannot afford to indulge.—*Exchange.*

Stable Floors.—The Germantown *Telegraph* says: "The long debated question as to the best material for stable floors is being again revived. A clay floor was adhered to by some for years, and such was the earnestness of its advocates and the many arguments brought to bear upon it, that we were induced some twenty years ago to try it. In three or four months we had the planks back again, being satisfied of the disadvantage of clay for this purpose. Our present floor of plank is simply inclined a little from front to rear, where the usual gutter is made to carry off the liquid voidings. We do not believe in sand, coal ashes, sawdust, asphaltum, flags, cobble-stones, or any of these modern devices to injure horses. Thus far we have never noticed that this little inclination was in any way injurious; and we doubt whether the wooden gratings that we frequently see placed over the planking that some use, would be advisable, on the ground that the animal would be no more comfortable, while this movable grating or second floor might lead to accidents. When a person can keep horses in good, sound, healthy condition for five or seven years, as we have done on a carefully constructed plank flooring inclining a little to the rear, it is just as well to be satisfied with it. Do what one will, holes will be dug by the stamping of the feet in the clay, and these will be filled with moisture, which will necessarily result in scratches, quarter crack, etc. If the clay is levelled off and beaten down daily it will make no difference. Some time ago we inspected a number of stables where many horses were kept, and we encountered only one which was composed of anything but wood. Of course there will be new things—inventions—springing up, which are to meet and overcome every objection, and there will be some to adopt them, but we shall be satisfied with what we have until there is something produced about which there will be no mistake."

Books and Periodicals.

The Century Magazine for March. Contents: Portrait of W. D. Howells.—Frontispiece; From Morelia to Mexico City on Horseback, Mary Halleck Foote, (illus.); A Ramble in Old Philadelphia, Elizabeth Robins, (illus.); The Copyright Negotiations, Arthur G. Sedgwick; The Flemish Bells, Margaret J. Preston; Bismillah, David L. Proudfit; Through One Administration, V. Frances Hodgson Burnett; William Dean Howells, Thomas Sargent Perry; Come, Death, W. F. Smyth; My Own, Mary W. Plummer; Opera in New York. I. Richard Grant White, (illus.); Leigh Hunt, Mary Cowden-Clarke; Has Utah a Republican Form of Government? Allen G. Campbell; Bryant and Longfellow; The Black Bear, Charles C. Ward, (illus.); The Danish Skate-Sail, T. F. Hammer, (illus.); Lord Beaconsfield, James Bryce, M. P.; Some of the Union League Decorations, (illus.); A Woman's Secret, Ella C. White; A Modern Instance, IV. W. D. Howells; Brother Sesostris, Julia D. Whiting; Broken Banks and Lax Directors, John Burroughs; Topics of the Time; Communications; Literature; Home and Society; The World's Work; Bric-á-Brac.

The Penn Monthly for March. Contents: Term and Tenure of Office, III.,—Dorman B. Eaton; Legal Biographies, II., Lord Abinger, —Christopher Stuart Patterson; A Pre-Historic Epic, Henry Phillips, Jr.; Charade, S. Weir Mitchell; The Arena, Edwin N. Benson; How Shall the "Spoils System" Be Abolished, Henry C. Lea; Morley's "Life of Cobden," J. G. R.; Expressions, Oscar Tayme; Science; University Items; Brief Mention and New Books. Published for the Penn Monthly Association by Edward Stern & Co., 125 & 127 North Seventh street, Phila.

St. Nicholas for March. The circus is ever a fascinating subject to young people, and the second part of Mr. Stoddard's article, "Men-and-Animal Shows," in which he gives a vivid account of one of these amusement-towns on its travels, is, with its many elegant illustrations by Jas. C. Beard, Share, Birch, and others, one of the most prominent and entertaining features of the March *St. Nicholas*. There is, also, for those who delight in the imaginative, a fairy tale by Thomas Dunn English, and some humorously decorative verses, illustrated with five clever page illustrations by Walter Satterlee. Poems are contributed by Rose Terry Cooke, and Celia Thaxter. The present installment of "The Hoosier School-Boy" is of unusual interest, detailing how Jack and his friends *did* go to school in spite of all odds, and giving a thrilling account of a foot-race, in which the hero runs for a five-hundred dollar prize. "The Drummer-boy," in the rifle-pits before Petersburg, and "Donald and Dorothy," in a novel fencing-match, still closely hold the attention of their friends. Mrs. Clement, in her "Art and Artists" paper, writes of the painter Titian, and a beautiful reproduction of his famous portrait of himself forms the frontispiece illustration to the magazine.

The poet Wordsworth is the conspicuous feature of the "Treasure-box," and the "Letter-box" contains a full report from the President of the Agassiz Association. The illustrations in this number are exceptionally fine, and embrace work by Titian, Walter Satterlee, Allen Redwood, Douglas Volk, James C. Beard, Jessie McDermott, E. B. Bensell, Frank T. Merrill, J. G. Francis, George D. Brush, H. P. Share, R. B. Birch, H. Sandham, Miss R. H. Muller, and many others.

Wide Awake for March is an attractive number, with a fine variety of good reading matter beautifully illustrated. Only $2.50 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

The fine grade of religious books published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, justifies more than a passing notice. This firm turns out yearly an immense number of books of the choicest quality, and at all prices to suit the needs of Sunday-Schools throughout the land. It has been the aim of the publishers to employ none but the best writers for these books, realizing it a most important part of Church work to provide for the needs of this large class. Mingling intellectual strength with deep religious feeling, at the same time the publishers strive to make the books interesting and attractive. For an untold number of examples prove that children and youth will *not* read religious or moral teaching presented in a dry manner and why should they? Full of life and vigour, and overflowing with intense energy in every part of their nature, these young people *require* something healthfully to inspire to this force within them. If they do not find it in the natural avenues of the Sunday-school or the town library, they will elsewhere, in questionable literature—an indulgence in which results in a feverish taste for excitement. To help these young people develop into strong men and women D. Lothrop & Co. have put forth every effort, sparing no expense. A glance at their *Catalogue* will give an idea of what they have been doing in this department.

Littell's Living Age. The numbers of the *Living Age* for the weeks ending February 18th and 25th contain Carthage and Tunis, Edinburgh; Old and New Canons of Poetical Criticism, Contemporary; The Sicily of Thucydides and Theocritus, Nineteenth Century; "The Man with the Red Hair," A Bit of Loot, and How the Stars got their Names, Cornhill; Inside Kairwan, Blackwood; An English Slave in Madagascar, Temple Bar; The Life of Richard Cobden, by John Morley, Macmillan; Youth and Age, and The Chinese Navy, Spectator; Blacks in Greenland, Pall Mall Gazette; The Persecution of the Jews in Russia and Germany, Times and Morning Post; Bess! a Character Sketch, Chambers' Journal; and the usual amount of poetry.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each, (or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price ($8) is low; while for $10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American $4 monthlies or weeklies with the *Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

Obituaries.

Died.—On the 11th of Feb., 1882, Catherine Young, relict of Abram Young, of Cowan, Union county, Pa., aged 81 years, 4 months and 7 days.

Mother Young was favored by a kind providence all along the pathway of life; having no affliction, with the exception of loss of hearing, during the last ten years of her pilgrimage. Coming to a good old age, she had the pleasure of seeing children's children gather around to cheer her last days. She was a widow eight years, and no doubt realized the fact that heavy are life's burdens when borne alone. But on the other hand she enjoyed the protecting care of Him who gives abundant and consoling provision for the lonely widow. "He relieveth the fatherless and the widow"

Mother Young has been from an early day, a faithful member of the Reformed church. She loved the means of grace as appointed in [illegible]. The word of God was her study in life, and she gave abundant proof of the sincerity of her religion in the fact that she lived a holy and exemplary life, setting a Christian example for her children and adorning her profession with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.

Mother Young was therefore beloved also by her friends and acquaintances. The large concourse of friends who gathered to pay the last tokens of love, gave testimony of the high esteem in which she was held. Her pastor improved the occasion with a discourse upon the 23d Psalm. The service was solemn, and the Lord made the day memorable for good to all who were present. C.

Died.—February 6th, after long and intense suffering, borne, however, with true Christian patience—Mother Annie Hendricks, of Sellersville, in her 77th year.

Died.—In Pinegrove, Schuylkill Co., Dickie, infant son of Maj. P. A. and Dotie Filbert, aged seven months.

A baby boy was given to these dear parents who clasped their affections and bound their hopes more tightly to the earth; now living, a glorified spirit in the heavenly world to whose glories he will ever beckon them, and prove they faithful to the end, will one day welcome them. The Gospel and the bright hope therein set forth, alone can dispel the gloom of bereavement, and make us happy in the memory of the dear one who goes before us to the home above. R.

Acknowledgments.

For the Relief of the Board of Publication.

Trinity & Zion's Miss, 7 84. Irwin's Westmoreland county, 11 27. Mount Pleasant, 6 25. Zion's Westmoreland county, 15 00. Myersdale, 7 04. Sugar Creek, 4 10. Stoystown, 6 50. Beaver, 12 00. Zion's & Berlin, 10 00. Kittanning, 10 76. Curlsville, 13 86. Pine Run, 3 15. Beam, 8 60. Paradise, 7 00. Grace church, 11 75. Irwin, 6 27. Pleasant Unity, 9 49. $150 88.

T. J. Craig, Treas.,
Pittsburg Synod.

WASHINGTON CHAPEL.

Rev Gernant's cong Allentown on altar cloth valued at 8 00. Harbaugh Miss Soc, Rev I Motter's cong Waynesboro, 20 00.

C. F. Sontag.

BETHANY ORPHANS' HOME, WOMELSDORF, PA.

Emanuel Ref ch Jacksonville (Nittany chg) Rev Geo P Hartzell, 2 25. Israel Mill Plainfield cong, Rev E W Reinecke, 1 00. Tohickon cong Bucks Co Pa, Rev Jacob Kehm, 15 43. Rev J Chr Young, 33 Henry St Cleveland O, bedding and underwear, 1 00. Egypt ch Lehigh Co, box of bedding, Rev S A Leinbach, 52 00. Trinity Ref S S New Bloomfield Pa, per F M McKeehand, 7 58. Aaronsburg & St Paul's cong's, Rev C W E Siegel, 10 09.

FOR BUILDING FUND.

Mrs Agnes Kohler Belbend Luzerne Co Pa, Rev S S Kohler, 5 00. Mount Zion's cong do, 5 83. Bensalem ch East Penna, Rev Abr Bartholomew, 34 50. St John's ch Mahoning do, 32 75. Zion's do, West Pa, do, 14 75. Pennsville do, East Penna, do, 13 00. Rev Araham Bartholomew, 5 00. Young Folk's Social Club 1st Ref ch Reading Pa, Rev H Mosser, 14 59.

D. B. Albright, Supt.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. J. H. SECHLER,
Rev. D. B. LADY,
Rev. A. R. KREMER,
} Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1882.

People who precede or follow the sorrowful season which celebrates the sufferings of our Lord by carnivals, can have no right conception of what "Lent" means, and are not likely to derive much benefit from their perfunctory fasts. If the demon of indulgence goes out of them he is very apt to come back with seven other devils, and make the last state of the man worse than the first. Seasons of special self-examination, during which we test the power of the world, the flesh and the devil over us, will, if spent aright, so convince us of our weakness, that we will hardly care to take the risk of running into future excesses. As such, they ought to be observed. The abuse of anything is never an argument against its proper use.

RELATIVE COSTS OF NEWSPAPERS.

Last week we undertook to show the amount of printed matter furnished during a year in a newspaper of the ordinary size. Accurate measurement demonstrates that the matter in fifty-two numbers of the MESSENGER, exclusive of advertisements, would fill more than twelve volumes like our "Order of Worship."

But then the comparison comes up between the Church and secular papers, and the question arises, Why can some of the latter furnish *so much more* for the same money? We do not wonder that the question should be asked, for the amount of matter given in some of our contemporaries almost exceeds belief.

As an instance, we cite the *Weekly Times* of Philadelphia. The number of that paper, which was issued on the 25th of February and which is only a representative number, contains fifty-three columns of reading matter, *i. e.*, independent of advertisements. Each of these columns contains by actual measurement 4,704 "ems," which would make 249,312 "ems" for the entire number. The matter, then, in a single number, sold for five cents, would almost fill a 12mo. volume of 388 pages, like our "Order of Worship." This paper is only $2 a year, and how many volumes are thus furnished per annum for that price can be easily ascertained.

Now the question comes, Why can not church papers do the same thing? If they furnish so much less matter, why can not the subscription price be reduced accordingly? The MESSENGER or any other paper of its size, religious or secular, it is argued, should be furnished for about fifty cents per annum. To many, the matter seems as simple as a sum in arithmetic, and more than one man has run his head against a post in his haste to trust himself to his figures which he knows won't lie. Yet the mortality among newspapers is very great. About 340 are said to have died in this healthy country within the last year; most of them in their infancy, and the once hopeful parents have hardly had money enough left to bury them.

But it should be remembered that large Weeklies like the *Times* are sustained by their Dailies. To be worth anything they must give what has already been in their issues of each morning, and a large part of the matter can be transferred without the cost of composition. It is this that gives them advantage over what are called country papers.

Then, too, what is even a greater matter, they print large editions. It costs as much to set the type for a single copy as for a hundred thousand; and when once expenses are reduced to the cost of additional paper and press work, the profits increase almost in geometrical ratio. Anyone can see how that works. A man may get the stereotype plates of the New Testament from which he can run off a million copies, and if he finds quick cash sales for them he can let them go for a few pennies, whereas if he were required to re-set the type for every few hundred, he would be compelled to raise the price a hundred-fold, and not make much money at that.

This is all we can say on the subject just now. There are other aspects of the case, some of them ludicrous enough, which we may present hereafter.

BETHANY ORPHANS' HOME.

We are indebted to Elder W. D. Gross for the following facts in regard to the Orphans' Home:

A meeting of the Building Committee was held on the 10th inst., at the office of Isaac M'Hose, Esq., No. 520 Washington street, Reading, Pa. There were fifty-one proposals in all for rebuilding the "Home," six of which were for the entire contract, the remainder for separate work and material. Of the six mentioned, four came remarkably close together, the other two were far ahead in their figures. The contract for the entire building was awarded to Gassert & Cilley, of Lebanon, Pa., for the sum of $20,866.99, exclusive of cooking and heating arrangement, furnishing chapel and school-rooms, which will cost in addition from $5,000 to $6,000. The new building will have a front of 128 feet, with two wings, each 60 feet deep, the main building will be 48 feet in depth, and three stories high. All the inside partition walls will be of brick, and the floor over kitchen, wash-house, &c., will be of iron and brick. There will be two flights of stairs in the building, and the interior of the entire structure will be heated by steam.

Dr. F. W. Kremer of Lebanon, and Rev. A. B. Stoner of Norristown, have both had surprise parties, which differ somewhat from those generally given to ministers. Their houses were entered by burglars! The villains blew open Dr. Kremer's safe; but according to published accounts, the game was not worth the candle. They rifled a valise and stole a box of cigars, which, in all probablity, did not belong to the doctor, as he is not given to the vices of some of his clerical brethren. Bro. Stoner's visitors succeeded in getting some silver spoons and clothing. We should think first class thieves would be too sharp to expect much in a preacher's house. Send them down to Cherry Hill, brethren, and we will try to adapt a few sermons to their idiotic state of mind.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

Nearly all the churches that hold regular week-day services do so on Wednesday evenings. It is a good time to break the force of secular life and cares, being midweek, a most seasonable time, therefore, for spiritual refreshment. It is the seventh hour of the six days of toil.

It may be said, that there is no absolute necessity for public religious services except on the Lord's day. This may be true. We know that many Christians have not the *opportunity* of attending a week-day service. We might go farther, and say, that Christians might flourish and do well with but one Sunday service a month, or even with no public service at all. But then, if a true Christian were, from any cause, *deprived* of sanctuary privileges, he would not congratulate himself on his being relieved of such duty, or that he is not pressed by the demands of religion, at least during the time that men devote to worldly pursuits. He feels the privation as an *affliction*, which he is willing to bear, because laid upon him by the Master Himself. So the Wednesday evening service is not a Protestant penance which, it is expected, a few earnestly pious souls will perform vicariously for the rest of the people. To the former that intermediate service is a feast which they would not willingly be deprived of; to the latter it serves as a weekly *ringing* rebuke for lack of true Christian earnestness, zeal, and sense of filial relationship with God.

The week-day service is not a religious imposition; not a yoke arbitrarily forced upon Christian people; but a judicious and charitable affording of privileges to the people of God, that is calculated to meet wants and desires which could not be met in any other way. It affords a "sweet hour of prayer" and Christian meditation to all who may choose to avail themselves of its sacred benefits; and it is a question that seems to have but one side—whether those who wilfully neglect such "reasonable service" have ever experienced the blessedness of the true children of God. It is not our business to pass judgment in the case; there is One that judgeth, but we may properly challenge these to an earnest consideration of the question: Can I not spend one hour during the week in the assembly of the saints, with spiritual benefit to myself and others, and to the honor of God? and can I stand justified before the Master of assemblies, if I neglect such opportunity?

We have an idea that even those church members who never, or seldom, attend the week-day service would not wish to see it dropped. If this should be done, they would doubtless feel that something was out of joint and going wrong; that the salt was losing its savor and the Church losing ground. No—the service must be continued, they think, but *they* should not be expected to contribute toward it. They want the service, and they seem to think that if a few zealous people take part in it, the Church would at least be in no danger of sudden collapse; as safe, at least, as Sodom would have been, if ten good men had been found in it. But this is a confession most miserable, that they, above all others, need just such a means of grace to keep their hearts uncorrupted from contact with the world, and to advance them in the Christian life.

We will try to say next week who ought to attend the Wednesday evening service.

K.

DELUSIONS.

Instances of delusion, similar to those mentioned in a former article, crowd upon us from all sides. Men in public life, eminent for wisdom in some things, blunder most egregiously in others. Political parties are guilty, time and again, of the greatest mistakes. Whole nations even, occasionally, become apparently infatuated, and act in such a way as to bring disaster and ruin upon themselves. Every student of history must have noticed that something very nearly approaching a delusion, often takes possession of individuals and communities, and impels them to do what is in direct opposition to the dictates of reason and sound judgment.

Among the varied interests of our life, none is more important than that of religion. And it might seem to many that there should be some way through which it would be made impossible for us to fall into error here. But is this the case? By no means. The most enlighted nations of antiquity worshipped imaginary deities. All their sacrifices and services were therefore vain. They believed a lie. The descendants of Abraham, after hoping and longing and waiting, for almost two thousand years, for the fulfilment of the promise, did not recognize the Lord of Glory when He came, and crucified their Messiah. No doubt many of them were sincere in this. They imagined, like Saul of Tarsus, afterwards, that they were doing God service by opposing the claims of Jesus of Nazareth. But were they not grievously deluded? And how is it with the vast multitudes who follow Mohammed? Is not Islamism a delusion and a lie? So with Mormonism. Smith was an impostor, Young, a rogue of the first water, and their disciples are dupes. We have yet to see, among the various remedies proposed for the overthrow of the Mormon system, that of sending missionaries among them to convince them of their error. The recent deliverances of the Press, all over the country, are a confession, that we look upon them as being in that condition in which argument and expostulation would be thrown away upon them. The fact is, they are sincere, but infatuated and deluded.

But there are examples of delusion nearer home. If there be a God and a judgment to come, a state of rewards for the believer, and of punishment for the unbeliever, then infidels are certainly making a tremendous mistake. They think they have demonstrated the fact that the existence of God cannot be known to man. Many of them are ready to give a reason for their want of faith. They sneer at Christians, ridicule revelation, and talk glibly of the "mistakes of Moses." But is it not possible that they may discover at last that they were acting under a fearful misconception, and acknowledge what fools they were, to exalt the reason of the finite creature above the revelation of an infinite Creator? Their delusion is lamentable.

There are those in every community also, who, while they do not profess infidelity, fail to make use of the means of grace. They will not become members of the Church. They say, they approve of Christianity, are friends of the cause of religion and expect to join the Church some time. But that is all. The fact is they are worldly-minded. They live without God and without hope. They have never felt the overwhelming necessity of seeking a share in the merits of Christ. They act as though they believed the resources of this life to be sufficient to fit them for the eternal world. No delusion could be greater than this.

Others are in the Church, but plainly not of it. They have the form of godliness, but the power thereof has never reached their hearts. Their lives have not come under the regenerating influence of the Word and Spirit. And they are content with this state of things. They believe themselves to be all right. If the righteous, those who have made the most of their spiritual opportunities, scarcely are saved, where will such as these appear? We doubt whether the delusion under which Guiteau committed murder, has brought upon him more fatal consequences than the delusion of such persons will finally bring upon them.

L.

SYSTEMATIC BENEVOLENCE.

Having said a few words about benevolence in general, we desire now to say something about system in its relation to benevolence. Before doing so, however, we wish to correct a typographical error in last week's article. In the next to the last paragraph, the sentence, "benevolence has great *pain*," should have read "benevolence has great *gain*."

The best means being called into service, the last results will be attained, all things else being equal. But means alone, be they ever so good, are not sufficient. A systematic providing and use of them, are necessary to insure reasonable success. The secret of all successful undertakings is found, in great measure, in the well-ordered plan of their workings. This is true of all human activities. The wise provision and adaptation of means to an end, is apparent also in expressions of the divine activity. The manifest works and revealed purposes of God, plainly teach plan in the willing of the Most High. Each and all, bear the impress of the divine plan. In the proportion that both the means employed and the end aimed at by man, are good, does the human plan image the spirit of the divine.

System is a leading factor in the world's progress, and necessary to the prosperous issue of any work. It is the heart supplying the members of the body politic, religious, or social, with the current of life. It is the lever, whose mighty strokes, like regular pulsations, indicate the evenly-balanced and well-directed motor of human action. Look where you will, you may behold its results. It is characteristic of the benevolent operations of the State. Feelings of philanthropy lead to the establishment of benevolent institutions, which are systematically organized and carried forward. Under no other conditions could the end in view be attained. Hap-hazard movements end in failure. As this is true of the humane activities of the State, so is it true also of the practical, outgoing, Christian activities of the Church.

The benevolent operations of the church, in their very organization are systematic. But to render them efficient, something more is needed.

The success of system in the charitable movements of the Church, and of the movements themselves, depends largely upon the *individual's* regard for system, and practice of it. Every professed follower of Christ is responsible, to a large degree, in the *methods* of his Christian practice, for the success or failure of the benevolent operations of the Church. To the extent that the member of the Church has no method or system, does benevolence suffer. At times it may seem to be the gainer. But the gain of one year is so much more than balanced by the loss of the next year, that there is really no gain at all. That flow of benevolence which is for a short time a torrent, generally ends in stagnation. The channel of a stream fed by mountain-snows, is oftener empty than full, and is for long periods entirely dry. A steady flow, and a constant, are the safest, and are surest of increase. Such flow of charity is an indication of a healthy Christian activity. Let us instance an example of an irregular, unsystematic, individual benevolence. Moved by compassionate *impulse*, an individual or a number of individuals may, upon a certain occasion, give liberally to the support of this or that department of Christian benevolence. Let the department, for example, be Missions. At the time the cause of Missions may seem to receive a mighty impetus, promise of great good to be accomplished in the future. But the liberality which is the result of impulse, is only momentary. And upon another occasion, the individual or number of individuals does not respond with a corresponding liberality, if, indeed, with any liberality at all. The cause of Missions lifts up her arms, but the Aarons and Hurs that promised so well, are absent. And now the cause languishes. And the languishing is all the greater by reason of the expectations previously aroused. There is a relapse well nigh unto death. Spasmodic liberality lacks the root of the matter. What then is the duty of the professed follower of Christ, in this matter of benevolence? He should give willingly, liberally, and *regularly*. There should be *system* in his giving, both as to the *time* of giving, and the *amount* given.

Every congregation within the bounds of the Reformed Church, we suppose has some plan, whereby the means for its benevolence are collected. We know of several plans in use, which are very good in themselves. But in order that any plan may most efficiently be carried out, it is necessary that every individual member of the Church,—pastor and all—have part in the work; and that the part be performed according to system. Every member of the Church is in duty bound, to give an *honest* proportion of his means, What this proportion in each case may be, is known to God and to the individual. It is not for any man to say just how much his neighbor shall give. But the individual knowing what his honest proportion is, should give it, and give it "without ceasing." "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him." Upon the first day of every week, every member of the Church should give what he can give. Some persons (but very few, we think) can give but a cent; others can give five cents; others, ten cents, twenty-five cents, fifty cents, a dollar, five dollars, &c. Whatever sum is an honest proportion, should be given. If absent from Church one Lord's Day, or more than one, then on the next Sunday when present, twice the amount should be given, or as many times the amount as are sufficient to sum up what would have been given, had the person been present every Sunday. You need not be afraid of giving too much. Self is too much of a consideration with us all, to make it even probable that any of us would give too much. By our giving thus systematically, systematic benevolence will become what it ought to be, both in the prosecution of its purpose, and the provision of its means.

"To do good and to communicate forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."

S.

Communications.

AN INTERESTING OCCASION AT LANCASTER.

On the evening of the 20th of February, a large company assembled at his residence, at *Caernarvon*, to offer their greeting to Dr. J. W. Nevin, on the occasion of the 79th anniversary of his birth. Though the evening was unusually inclement, yet the number present was large, including the faculties of the Theol. Sem. and College, students of both institutions, a number of neighboring ministers, among whom we recall, Dr. Theo. Appel, Revs. J. Peters, W. F. Lichliter, J. H. Pennebacker, Geo B Resser, D. W. Gerhard, C. S. Gerhard, and H. A. Friedell, besides many other friends. Rev. J. G. Fritchey, who celebrated his 80th birth-day, during the same month, was present and shared with Dr. Nevin in the congratulations of their friends.

The religious service on the occasion was opened by the singing of a beautiful choral, by students of the Sem. and College, after which, prayer was offered, by Dr. E. V. Gerhart. A brief address was then made by Dr. Thos. G. Apple, followed by one from Rev. C. S. Gerhart, to which appropriate responses were made by father Fritchey and Dr. Nevin. All then joined in repeating the Apostles' Creed, after which the Lord's prayer was chanted, and the benediction pronounced. The remainder of the evening was spent in pleasant, social intercourse. The whole occasion was one, long to be remembered by all present. It was an interesting sight to behold these aged ministers, who have served in that sacred office for over fifty years (the one fifty-four, the other fifty-three), standing together in the enjoyment of good health and in the possession of full vigor. Father Fritchey still labors in the ministerial office, supplying a vacant congregation. Dr. Nevin's erect form and piercing eye betoken unusual health and strength at his age. He spoke for half an hour with strong voice and usual vigor of thought.

His friends throughout the church will be glad to know that Dr. Nevin still preaches regularly in his turn in the College Chapel, and he frequently walks, by preference, from his residence to the chapel service, while his carriage carries the members of his family. Mrs. Nevin's health is also good, and she is not often absent from her accustomed place in the Sanctuary. Should the doctor's life be spared another year, we have no doubt many of his old pupils and friends who could not be present on this occasion, will be glad to join in celebrating his 80th birth-day. Lancaster Classis feels thankful that these aged and faithful servants in the ministry are spared thus long to bless with their counsels and inspire with their example the younger generation in the ministry.

Caernarvon, Dr. Nevin's pleasant home on the Western border of the city of Lancaster, nearly adjoins *Wheatland*, the former home of President Buchanan. No more delightful residence can be found in the garden spot of Pennsylvania, and here the Christian sage is spending the evening of his life with a serene and peaceful spirit, near the scene of his useful labors, waiting for the Master's call to the inheritance and home above.

X.

CONSECRATING A CHAPEL.

Salem Reformed Church of Harrisburg, has been, for some time past, engaged in the delightful task of building a chapel adjoining their comfortable and commodious house of worship. The chapel is constructed at the rear of the main edifice, with which it communicates, in such a way as to make the building cuneform. It is two stories in height. The first floor is occupied by a large, airy, and comfortably furnished lecture-room; behind this is the apartment for the Infant-school, which is so cheerful and well furnished, that the room itself, apart from everything else, will go far to make the school a success. A striking feature of the lecture-room is the pulpit, a relic of Revolutionary times. It is constructed out of the first altar ever erected in Harrisburg, and was set up by Reformed and Lutheran hands long before the good people of those days ever felt the need or thought of having separate places of worship. From the first floor of the chapel, two flights of stairs lead to the main school-room above, which, in size, corresponds to the lecture-room below; behind it is a spacious apartment, intended as a sewing-room for the ladies, whenever they wish to enter upon one of those blessed campaigns, in behalf of the poor and needy, in which the needle plays so prominent a part. The whole arrangement is very complete, and reflects great credit upon the energy and good judgment of the congregation. It shows plainly that they have learned the wisdom of giving the children and young folks an inviting and comfortable place in which to worship and study, instead of crowding them into a dark and low-ceilinged basement, such as only too many of our schools are compelled to occupy.

The chapel was consecrated on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 12th. In the morning a thoroughly enjoyable and satisfying sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Higbee, state superintendent of public instruction. The text was from the lesson for the day, St. Luke 8: 11. "Now the parable is this; the seed is the word of God." The two points chiefly dwelt upon were, the nature of the seed as carrying life in itself, and the nature of the soil as conditioning the growth of the seed. In closing, the Doctor said, Let every one prepare himself for a proper reception of the word, and after he has received it, let him go to work. He will find plenty of evil and rottenness that needs to be rooted out in all conditions of social and political life, from the meanest beggar to the haughtiest millionaire. The question with each one through life should be, are we prepared to enter on the life hereafter, to be with Christ and His angels forever.

In the afternoon the consecration services proper, began at 2 o'clock. The liturgy of the church prepared for this service was read and heartily responded to; the room being crowded from one end to the other. Addresses were then delivered by Dr. Higbee and the writer. Only one thing occurred to mar the happiness of the day,—the absence of the pastor, who, confined to his bed by sickness, could not answer the earnest wishes of his friends and of himself and come to any of the services. In the evening the writer preached on the subject of worship.

In connection with the consecratory services, eight hundred dollars was raised to defray the expense of furnishing the chapel, and that too without any of the painful efforts which only too often attend such attempts.

The church bears unmistakable evidences of peace and prosperity. It must have been a great consolation to the pastor while lying on his sick-bed, to think of the striking and beneficial changes that his charge has undergone during his long pastorate of seventeen years. May the great Head of the Church continue to bless our Salem Reformed Church of Harrisburg, with prosperity and peace. R. L. G.

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND CHURCH WORK CONVENTION.

The district composed of the Washington and the larger part of Frederick county, Md., held its third and last meeting for the current classical year, on the 14th inst., at Mount Pleasant, a village near Frederick City. The subjects discussed at the four sessions of three hours each, were as follows, viz.:—Infant Baptism—the Church Year in its organic structure—the Sunday School in its manifold features, and Mission work, Home and Foreign. The discussions participated in heartily by all the members present, were elaborate and thorough, without, however, any formally prepared essays. The attendance was large and continued to increase through the successive sessions, so that the Church was entirely filled on the last evening.

The Washington county brethren, with a single exception, failed to put in an appearance, much to the regret of those present. The truth is the district is too large, and those most deeply interested in this matter, are reluctantly forced to the conclusion that better work can be done with the territory of the Classis divided into three districts as formerly, than into two as now. Until the present Classical year, Washington and Frederick counties each constituted a District, and had each the benefit of three conventions. Under the present arrangement, Washington county had one, and Frederick county, two such meetings, only.

The members present were, Drs. Eschbach and Staley, and Revs. Skyles, Hoffmier, Shulenberger, Kremer and Hensch, all of whom enjoyed the meeting very much, while not the least pleasurable feature of the occasion was the appreciation of their efforts to instruct in the expression of hearty thanks on the part of many of the people.

J. L. S.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

About one hundred and fifty members of the Oley charge, Berks Co., Pa., lately made a donation visit to their pastor, Rev. D. C. Schoedler, bringing with them a large quantity of good and useful articles. It was on the occasion of his thirty-ninth birth-day. All had a pleasant time. The relation between pastor and people is most pleasant. May it long remain so.

SYNOD OF POTOMAC.

Rev. W. K. Zieber, D. D., of Hanover, York Co., Pa., owing to continued ill-health, has resigned the pastorate of Emanuel's Ref. Church, resignation to take effect May 1st, 1882.

The Reformed Church in California numbers seven churches, viz:—San Francisco, 3; Stockton, 1; Napa, 1; Alameda, 1; Lodi, 1.

The pastor of St. Paul's congregation at Waynesboro was made happy by a donation party on the 2nd inst.

The *Examiner* of Frederick, Md., in its issue of the 15th thus speaks of the completion of the chapel in that place. The new Reformed chapel on Church St., between *The Examiner* building and the Carlin House, in this city, the erection of which was commenced during the summer of the past year, is now about completed and will be ready for occupancy in the early spring. In its exterior view, with its walls of dressed limestone set in white and black mortar, presenting a mosaic-like appearance, and its ornamental doors and windows, the whole surmounted by a steeple 150 feet in height, at once graceful and splendid in its proportions, this structure in its attractiveness, will by very general consent bear more than favorable comparison with any similar church edifice in the city. In its interior arrangement it certainly stands without an equal here. Every convenience and comfort seems to have been provided. The length and breadth of the building is 112 by 45 feet. On the first floor, after the vestibule, is a handsome lecture room, 42 by 53 feet, and in the immediate rear are the Bible class and Infant school rooms, the former 15 by 29½ feet and the latter 26½ by 40 feet. The Infant school room contains 32 stained poplar benches, arranged in semi-circular form and each capable of seating from six to eight scholars. On the second floor, reached by an easy flight of stairs, in the main Sunday-school room, 42 by 82 feet in dimension, with seating capacity for about 600. Benches have not yet been placed in this department. The superintendent's platform and pulpit are in the centre of the north end of this room, and on each side are two library rooms each 8 by 15 feet, a hallway 10 by 24 feet intervening. The ceilings in all the rooms are high, and no fault, it is believed, will be found with the acoustics. All the walls are wainscoted to a height of about four feet. In all of its details the building seems admirably adapted to the purposes for which it is intended, and as far as we are able to judge, after a careful examination, it has been substantially and well built, all the material used in its construction being of excellent quality. It is an ornament to our town and will long stand as a monument to its architect and builder, Mr. Frank E. Davis, of Baltimore, as well as to all those instrumental in securing its erection. The contract price of the building was $9.513 which with an additional expense of about $1,000 for furnaces and furniture, will make the entire cost aggregate $10,513. Towards the payment of this sum, between $6,000 and $7,000 have already been raised. The balance will in all probability be subscribed within a short time and the chapel will thus be dedicated in April, it is hoped, free from any encumbrance.

Rev. F. Fox, writes: the good work in San Francisco, Cal., under the untiring zeal of pastor Fuendeling is making splendid progress. Pastor Waldecker, of Stockton, has come to his relief and serves one of the three congregations in that city, and the Fourth Reformed congregation is about being organized. Also a number of parochial schools are about being opened. The Pacific church paper *Kinderfreund* is already a success. Now let us have a College and Theological seminary in San Francisco.

SYNOD OF PITTSBURG.

At a communion season in the month of January, in Grace Reformed Church, Pittsburg, Pa., the pastor, Rev. John A. Prugh, added seven persons to the Church.

There is a revival of interest in the congregation at Wilkinsburg, Pa., since the meeting of the Pittsburg Synod. Since then the way out of the financial difficulties is made more clear; and the arrangement of Synod having thrown the people upon their mettle, they are determined to fulfill their part of the contract. With this object in view, they had a supper and entertainment a short time ago, which was enjoyable in itself and which resulted in securing a nice sum for the church. Enthusiasm for the advancement of their congregation is abroad in the hearts of the people, and as the village is growing rapidly, the prospects of the congregation are more encouraging than ever before.

Clarion Classis convened in special session at the call of the President, Rev. W. C. B. Shulenberger, at St. Petersburgh, Clarion County—on Feb. 7th, 1882 Eight ministers and five elders were present. Rev. D H. Leader was received from Mercersburg Classis; Rev. D. G. Klein from West Susquehanna Classis, and the Licentiate, Joshua Wolbach, from East Penna. Classis, and ordained him to the gospel ministry.

The pastoral relation between Rev. T. R. Dietz and the Jefferson charge was dissolved; and a committee of supply appointed consisting of Revs. John Wolbach, Joshua Wolbach and J. B. Thompson. A similar committee was also appointed for Red Bank charge, consisting of Revs J. J. Pennepacker, T. R. Dietz and I. M. Evans.

A call from DuBois mission to Rev. D. H. Leader, was in order and confirmed, and a committee appointed to instal him as pastor. The committee are Revs. John Walbach, J. B. Thompson and J. J. Pennepacker, also, a call from the Houtzdale mission to the Licentiate, Joshua Wolbach, was confirmed, and the following named brethren appointed a committee to instal him pastor, Revs. John Wolbach, D. H. Leader and J. B. Thompson. The call from the Tionesta mission to Rev. D. G. Klein, was not presented for certain reasons, satisfactory to Classis, but will be at or before the annual meeting of Classis. The brother commenced his labors in the mission on Nov. 13th, 1881.

It is truly gratifying to see all our missions provided with pastors, and we believe a good work will be accomplished by these brethren in their different fields of labor. CLERK.

SYNOD OF OHIO.

Rev. D. F. Greenawald, formerly, missionary at Sabetha, Kansas, who came East, last autumn, to recover his health, and has been, sojourning at his old home in Lehigh Co., Pa., having been restored, is now making preparations to return with his family, to Kansas, next spring.

The "good-hearted farmer" whom Dr. Herbruck met upon the street, while at eighteen years of age, traveling through Berks Co., Pa., and to whom he poured out his sorrows, was the late Peter Klopp, who resided in North-Heidelberg Township, about three miles north of Bernville. To a writer in the *Hausfreund*, Father Klopp, himself, said that at one time, a man by the name of Herbruck, taught school there, and boarded with him. He said further, "He afterwards became a Reformed minister."

Rev. John Stuck, after a pastorate of twenty-four years, has resigned the Mt. Pleasant charge, Darke Co., O., the resignation to take effect, April 1st, 1882. Any Reformed minister, who may desire to visit the charge, or to enter into correspondence with such purpose in view, may address himself to Rev. J. Stuck or Mr. John Doubenmire, Hillgrove, O., or to Mr. William Knoll, Woodington, Darke Co., O.

SYNOD OF THE NORTH-WEST.

At a special meeting of Zion's Classis, Jan. 24th, at Fort Wayne, Ia., Mr. Martin Bitz, son of Rev. Z Bitz, was examined, and licensed to preach the gospel. He had prepared himself for the office of the ministry by a course of study in the Mission-House at Sheboygan, Wis., and at Tiffin, O. Lately, too, under the supervision of his father, he was made somewhat acquainted with the practical work of the ministry.

The health of Rev. J. B. Ruhl of Nappanee, Indiana, who has been ill for a long time, is improving.

Rev. Otto Kuhn, has for some time past, been laboring as a missionary of the Reformed Church, in the village of Donop, Wayne Co., Nebraska. The *Hausfreund* takes the following account of his success and of the building of a new church, as given by himself from the pages of the *Kirchenzeitung*.

"There were eight families who formed themselves into a congregation; elders and deacons were elected, whom I installed into office, after I had first set forth their respective duties. At the first congregational meeting, from which I remained away, it was concluded to erect a church, twenty by twenty-six feet in size, in which public worship, a school, and catechization might be conducted. The members of the congregation, the most of whom are poor, gathered over a hundred dollars, I began to feel afraid, because we had only gathered so small a sum, and the building would cost over three hundred dollars. Building in Nebraska is attended with great expense. Inasmuch as there is here no lumber fit for building purposes, it must be brought hither from Wisconsin and other wooded-sections, which makes lumber very costly. Trusting in God, I applied to the Board of Church-Extension, and asked it to lend the congregation one hundred dollars until next year, which the Board willingly did. There lacked us yet about one hundred dollars, yet here too the Lord opened a door to the congregation." S.

MEETING OF MISSIONARY BOARD.

The Board of Missions of Pittsburgh Synod will meet in Grace Church, Pittsburgh, Tuesday, March 21st, at 10 o'clock A. M. Members are earnestly requested to be present. All the missionaries in the bounds of Pittsburgh Synod will please report to Rev. F. Pilgram, Secretary of Board, Greenville, Pa., in time for the meeting.

SAML Z. BEAM,
Pres. of Board.

General News.

HOME.

The elections in Philadelphia last week gave large majorities to the Reformers.

Chester, Pa., has had another fire. The works of the Sea board Oil Co., at that place, were burned on last Thursday.

The Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds has recommended a public building at Reading, Pa, to cost $80,000.

The Committee of the House of Representatives has reported that neither Campbell nor Cannon, the Utah contestants, is entitled to a seat.

A disastrous fire occurred last week on Delaware avenue near Vine street in this city. The loss was great, and one man was burned to death. This is the same place that was burned in 1850, when an explosion killed so many people.

Disastrous floods have prevailed in the West and South. The railroads have been damaged. An accident was caused by a washout on the Vandalia track, Ill. An engine and caboose were precipitated into the river and the conductor and brakeman drowned.

Charleston, S. C., February 26.—Right Rev. Patrick N. Lynch, Roman Catholic Bishop of Charleston, died this morning, aged 65. He was consecrated in 1858. The funeral, which will bring together many of the distinguished Catholic prelates of the country, will take place Wednesday morning.

The anti-polygamy sentiment of the land seems to be duly aroused, and meetings to protest against the horrors of Mormon life have been called in many places. Meanwhile, the Mormons are not disposed to yield quietly. They have started petitions for their religious rights, and compelled even their children to sign them.

Salt Lake City, February 26.—The bodies of the family swept off in the Big Cottonwood snow-slide have been recovered under forty tons of snow. They were not frozen, but lying naturally in bed. The husband, wife and infant were in one bed, and two boys and two girls, the eldest 11 years old, in an other. It is evident they were smothered instantly in their sleep.

Albany, February 26.—Hon. Robert H. Pruyn, Minister to Japan under President Lincoln, and a candidate for Lieutenant Governor in 1865, died suddenly at one o'clock this afternoon. He was president of the National Commercial Bank, of this city, and of the Dudley Observatory, besides being trustee and director in several other institutions.

General Grant has been placed upon the retired list of the Army.——The President has nominated Hon. Roscoe Conkling to be associate justice of the Supreme Court, and Ex-Senator Sargeant, of California, to be minister to Berlin.——The alleged contracts for the exports of nitrates and guano from Peru, is to be investigated.——The Star Route cases are undergoing vigorous prosecution.

Pittsburg, Feb. 23.—About 6 o'clock this morning the citizens of the South Side, residing in the vicinity of A. M. Byers & Co's iron mills were startled by a loud explosion, which caused houses to tremble. It was soon ascertained that one boiler of a battery of three had been rent asunder, and that the shed which covered the boilers had been completely wrecked. The debris was scattered in every direction, but after the shock caused by the explosion it was ascertained that only three persons were injured, only one of whom it is thought fatally.

The American Line Steamship, Illinois, brought to this port on Thursday evening, about three hundred Jewish Refugees from Russia. The persecutions to which they have been subjected had excited our people, and provision was made for their reception. The large depot of the Pennsylvania Central railroad at 32d and Market streets was secured, and they were taken to that place from the wharf in special trains of cars. There, food, clothing, beds, baths and other comforts were provided for them. They look as if they had endured great hardships, and the tales they tell of Russian outrages are well authenticated. As soon as possible they will be taken to lands that have been offered to them, and form colonies where they may start anew without the fear of molestation. Liberal grants of lands, as much as forty acres for every family have been offered them free in Florida and other Southern States.

Pittsburg, February 26.—The national conference of Prohibitionists called by Mrs. M. McClellan Brown, of this city, as secretary of the National Prohibition Alliance, for Chicago, March 1, has been postponed, and the alliance will unite its support in a conference at Chicago soon to be called, for the latter part of August, by Hon. Gideon T. Stewart, of Ohio, as chairman of the National Prohibition party executive committee. The Pennsylvania State Prohibition Convention, which has just closed at Altoona, Pa., arranged for full representation in the proposed conference, and prominent members of the party throughout the Union are reported as concurring in the call. The Chicago meeting, it is expected, will be the largest and most representative gathering of Prohibitionists, male and female, that has ever assembled in this country. A change of party name will be among the questions before the conference.

FOREIGN.

Cairo, Feb. 23.—Private dispatches just received from Khartoum make known for the first time the facts concerning the successful rising in the Soudan of the so-called El Mehdi, or the Messiah of Islam. A few months ago Eli Mehdi, or Sheik Mohammed Ahmed, turned up near Cower, on the White Nile, and for the second time defeated the Egyptian troops sent against him and killed 120 of them. The Mehdi then proceeded to Geb el Zodir, situated about six days' march from Fashoda, a strong military post on the White Nile, midway between Khartoum and Gondokoro. Rahsid Bey, Governor of Fashoda, having secured the alliance of the Shillook tribes, marched out with 800 regular troops, armed with Remingtons, to attack the Mehdi in front, while about 2 000 Shillooks, commanded by their King in person, started to cut off the Mehdi's retreat. About ten miles from Geb-el-Zodir the Mehdi, with his Zugara Bedouins, fell unexpectedly upon Rahsid Bey and utterly defeated him. Three hundred Egyptians were killed and Rahsid Bey himself was slain by the Mehdi's own hand.

The whole affair lasted only half an hour. The Mehdi then turned upon the Shillooks and after a sanguinary conflict routed them and killed Kaikien, the Shillook King, and his entire suite. Fashoda would also have fallen had not Zeigler Pacha, with 900 Egyptian troops, arrived by forced marches from Kordofan just in time to so strengthen its fortifications that the Mehdi prudently declined to attack. With the exception of a few fortified stations the Mehdi is master of the whole country and is backed by all the Bagara tribes, numbering about 10,000 fighting men. They are armed with double-barrelled percussion guns, but their chief weapon is a remarkably long, heavy, and admirably made lance. They are excellent horsemen. Everything will remain at a standstill in the Soudan until the arrival of reinforcements from Cairo, which have been imperatively demanded. The present Egyptian army, however, is by no means anxious to serve its country in the field, where, whenever it has done so, it has always justified Colonel Gordon's conclusions that it is utterly useless for anything except internal commotion.

London, February 27.—The *Telegraph* publishes the following prominently: "A belief prevailed in political circles yesterday evening that owing to the action of the House of Lords concerning an investigation of the land act operations and the consequent difficulty of continuing the government in Ireland, Mr. Gladstone has determined to resign." The *Observer* believes that the Cabinet on Saturday resolved that the condition of affairs in Ireland readers it imperative on Mr. Gladstone, at whatever cost to other interests of public business, to proceed with the resolution declaring that an inquiry into the working of the land act would be injurious to the interests of good government in Ireland.

St. Petersburg, February 26.—In the Nihilist trial on Thursday, Meljanoff, who is charged with throwing the fourth bomb at the late Emperor, proved by the evidence of witnesses that he was at home on the 13th of March until 5 o'clock in the afternoon and was informed of the assassination by occupants of his house. The case for the prisoners was concluded at two o'clock in the afternoon, when the reading of documents connected with the charge was proceeded with, by the desire of the prisoners, and concluded. M. Mauravieff commenced for the prosecution on Friday. The Minister of Justice is present daily.

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Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did we not rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we but willing to furnish the wings;
So sadly intruding,
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming
Of looks that are beaming,
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor;
Eyes bright as a berry,
Cheeks red as a cherry,
The groan and the curse and heartache can cure.

Resolved to be merry,
All worry to ferry
Across the famed waters that bid us forget,
And no longer fearful,
But happy and cheerful,
We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.

—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

HOW JACK ENGAGED THE BEEF.

Early and late had Farmer Bruce labored since taking his family out West, trying his best to make an honest living for them, and lay up a little fortune for hard times; but the hard times came along before the fortune, and it seemed as though troubles grew faster than anything else around him, causing many anxious days and sleepless nights for him and his good, thrifty wife.

Sickness came first, forcing him to lie by at the very time that his fields needed him most; and when at last his grain was sown, a long drought, injuring the crops of others but slightly, absolutely ruined his, and seeming, as he disconsolately said, as if sent directly against him.

In truth, it was discouraging; and while his neighbors on all sides—old settlers, and well-to-do—were prospering and thriving, storing away their gathered produce, the poor farmer found himself growing poorer; and knowing that he had little to put by from his summer's work for the winter's needs, he grew more and more dejected and anxious.

One by one it had been necessary to sell the few head of stock they had owned, the pigs going first to pay the doctor's bill, the sheep next to buy seed; and now it had long been a settled fact in the poor man's mind, long before he would tell his wife or little Donald or Patsy, that "Clover," the good, gentle cow, must go too. He had not the heart to tell them; for had not Clover come all the way from their far Eastern home with them, and for four years—as long almost as little Patsy could remember—had been just like one of the family, and surely a better or more affectionate cow never lived?

Every summer evening Donald and Patsy went to drive her up, and as soon as she heard their voices, without waiting to give them the trouble of looking for her, she would come quickly from the woods or the meadow to meet them; and all three walking home together, you would never know but that it was Clover taking care of them instead of their driving her. And as for their mother, a tender-hearted, timid little woman, who had never learned to know her new neighbors very well, Clover seemed like a real friend to her, reminding her always of the old home and the friends she had left there.

And now to think that Clover must be sold! And what was worse still, no one around wanted to buy a milch cow; and because she was so fat, fed continually by the children with everything good, it was the butcher who wanted her, offering more than anyone else. O it did seem too hard! and yet, look at it as they would, there seemed no help for it.

"It is to get bread for our children, Mary," said Farmer Bruce, as the tears streamed from his wife's eyes. "We are owing now for the last provisions, and I have not a cent with which to buy more. And you know we are strangers here still; and even if I felt it right to borrow, with so little certainty of paying, I know of no one who would probably loan me the price of the cow. It always looks as though people were not thrifty or careful, or something, to be so poor; but God only knows how hard we have worked, or how we have tried to save. Sometimes it seems as though even His hand is against us."

"O don't say that, James," answered his wife, quickly, and trying hard to look cheerful as she dried her eyes. "It will all come right in time, if we trust Him; and I can give up Clover if it is necessary."

But Donald and Patsy were not so easily reconciled. They cried piteously when their mother told them, and it was truly a sad group that gathered round when the butcher came that afternoon to look at Clover for the last time. Even Towser, the dog, seemed to realize that something sad was going on, and he sat up looking very solemn as Clover came out of the stall where she had been kept all day to be in readiness. Donald crept close to his father, and slipped one arm around him as if in mute appeal, or seeking comfort; but Patsy forgot all her own sorrow in her love and sympathy for poor Clover.

"She shall not listen to what that cruel man is saying!" she cried; and running off, brought a handful of green grass and leaves.

"Look at me, Clover; dear old Clover," she said, coaxingly. "Don't listen to what they are saying. It will make you so sad and unhappy."

"She's in good order, Farmer Bruce," the butcher was saying, "and I will give you twenty-five dollars for her. And a good price it is for the way cows are selling this season."

"I suppose I will have to let her go," answered Mr. Bruce, sadly. "But it is almost like selling one of the family."

"It is a pity, truly," answered the butcher, "and I am sorry for you, indeed I am; but if you have to sell, why I might as well take her as another."

Mrs. Bruce covered her face with her apron to hide the tears that would come; but she uttered no complaints to make her husband's duty harder than it was.

All this time Jack, the butcher's son, had been standing at the gate within sight and hearing of this scene, and it was with a face really sad and full of pity that he obeyed his father's call to help drive Clover away.

Little Patsy ran up to him, as if fancying him more tender-hearted than the fat butcher, and with the tears streaming down her face, she sobbed:

"Please—please kill her—just—as—easy—as you can!"

Jack could not say anything to comfort her, and he and his father walked along behind the gentle, patient-looking cow, for some distance in silence.

"I never felt so sorry in my life, father," said he at last, "to take a cow as this one."

"Yes, it is a pity," answered the butcher, absently.

"Don't you think, father," said Jack again, "that you could loan Farmer Bruce the money, and let him keep the cow a while longer? Things may go better with them next year."

"That I couldn't," answered his father, decidedly. "I have no money to spare, even if I thought it likely he'd be able to pay back as much; and I'll tell you now, Jack, that though it's well enough to be tender-hearted and all that, it don't do in this world to have too much of it, especially in the butchering business."

But under his rough fustian coat, Jack carried a heart warmer and kinder than most boys brought up to seeing young lambs and calves led away daily from sorrowing mothers to be slaughtered in the butcher's pen, and he could not drive from his mind the thought of the sad faces he had seen that evening. They walked on again in silence, and it was only when he reached their gate that he said, half jestingly, half in earnest:

"I suppose you'd had no objection if I could buy the cow back?"

"None in the world," answered his father, with an easy smile. "I have no grudge against the poor animal's life."

Jack treated Clover to as good a supper as even Donald could have wished; but she seemed uneasy and troubled in her strange surroundings, and Jack could not help feeling almost as sorry for her as those she had left.

The butcher and his wife sat at breakfast the next morning, both wondering where Jack could be; and they had finished the meal before he came in with glowing cheeks and eyes bright from active exercise in the fresh morning air.

"Where have you been so early, Jack?" asked his father.

"Why, I thought I would be ahead of you for once, father," answered Jack; "and I have been out since daylight engaging the beef." (How it would have pained Donald and Patsy to hear their dear Clover called "the beef!")

"Well, that's something like business," replied the butcher, with a pleased expression. "And how have you succeeded?"

"Splendidly!" answered Jack, with unusual enthusiasm. "I have engaged every part, hide and all, except one fore-quarter, which I thought we would want ourselves."

"That's right," replied his father. "You have slept off your tender-heartedness, I see."

"But I have not yet told just how it is engaged," continued Jack, with a queer twinkle in his eye. "All our customers want their parts *alive*."

"What!" exclaimed the butcher. "Have you lost your senses, or what are you talking about?"

Jack could not restrain a merry laugh any longer.

"I'll tell you all about it, father," said he. "I really could scarcely sleep last night just for thinking of those poor children, the Farmer Bruce and his wife, and all their ill-luck; and it just seemed to pop into my mind to go to all our best customers and see, if together, they would not buy the cow back for them. So I have been out since daylight, and almost every one I went to did as I asked, from the good parson down, and I have their names all here in our custom book, just as though we were going to deliver the meat as usual. You aren't angry, are you, father?"

The butcher had been looking so grave while Jack told his story that the boy feared somewhat he might have been wrong in acting thus, without the consent of any one, but quickly came the reassuring answer:

"Not a bit, my boy! And I am glad you kept a part for us. You may not make a good butcher, Jack, but I was thinking that you may make something a deal better. Eat your breakfast, and we will finish up the matter afterward."

Donald and Patsy were sitting with faces still sad and thoughtful, before their door that next morning, thinking of what had happened the evening before, when both sprang up at once, looking eagerly towards the road.

"Wasn't that Clover's voice?" cried Donald. "O Patsy, perhaps she has got away from them, and has run back to ask us to save her!" And just as he spoke, there sure enough at the gate appeared Clover, lowing in the mellow voice they knew so well, and looking over into the yard with a glad look of recognition in her big soft eyes.

In a moment the little boy and girl were by her side, calling her all the pet names, with shouts and welcome; and there from her neck hung a large white card with words written on it, which they could not read. But their father and mother, too, had heard the commotion, and now came hastening to the gate with sad hearts, for they feared poor Clover had only found her way home again to be sent away once more. But there was the card, reading:

"For Donald and Patsy, from their neighbors, who thought Clover too good to be killed."

"O Donald, didn't I tell you so!" cried Patsy, in an ecstasy of delight. "No cow so good as Clover would be allowed to be killed."

But Mr. and Mrs. Bruce looked from one another to the card, somewhat troubled to know what it all meant. Just at this moment Jack, with his merry face and kindly smile, appeared from behind a tree near by.

"Let me explain it all to you, Mr. Bruce," said he: and soon he had told, as delicately as he could, of how sorry he had felt for the two little ones, and how for their sakes, he had engaged the meat after his own novel way that morning.

There was a tear of grateful appreciation in the eyes of the honest farmer as he listened, and his voice was a little faltering as he said:

"I would not have thought there were so many kind people around me. Will you please let me see your custom book, Jack?" And taking paper and pencil from his pocket, he quickly copied the list of names from the page extended to him by Jack. "I can only accept it as a loan to be paid back next year," said he; "but I thank my good neighbors for it just the same, and you more than all, my boy. You have saved us many a heartache to-day, and many a want this winter."

And Jack went away the happiest boy in all that country, while Donald and Patsy were still caressing their dear old Clover, and Mrs. Bruce hastened off for the milk pail.

A member of a London club was standing on the club-house steps, when a gentleman came up to him and asked him if there was a gentleman with one eye named Walker in the club. "I don't know," was the answer; "what was the name of his other eye?"

THE CELESTIAL "PIGTAIL."

The writer in the London *Globe* says: A recent imperial edict on the subject calls our attention to the origin of the pigtail, which is now the distinctive mark of a native of the Flowery land. It is one of the strange phenomena of that country, where everything is so ancient and where so few innovations have been tolerated, that this practice, which was originally the badge of conquest, should have been not merely accepted, but permitted to intertwine itself so closely with the national life that it would now require forcible measures to induce the people to forego it. For in the days before the Manchu conquest, when the throne was occupied by the great dynasties of antiquity, the Chinese allowed their hair to grow as best it pleased them; and they were even known to some of their neighbors as the "long haired race." But when the great soldier Noorachu marched southwards from Moukden to conquer China and establish the Manchu dynasty, he gave an order to his lieutenants to compel the people, as they submitted, to shave their heads in token of their surrender. The Manchus were thus enabled to discover at a glance which of the Chinese were vanquished, and which were not; while the thoroughness of their success was expressed in the most formal and emphatic manner. This practice, which was adopted partly from the exigencies arising out of the conquest of the multitudes of China by a mere handful of Tartar soldiers was continued and became an integral portion of the Manchu system of government, and the result has tended to confirm the wisdom of the founders of the present dynasty. The popular views on the subject of the pigtail have not yet been ascertained with any degree of certitude; but it may be remarked that all the insurrections of the last twenty years have put forward, as one of their features, the intention to renew this practice, which has there been represented as a badge of conquest. There now, however, seems more chance than ever of its perpetuation.

GRANTED WISHES.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Two little girls let loose from school
Queried what each would be.
One said, "I'd be a queen and rule;"
And one, "The world I'd see."

The years went on. Again they met
And queried what had been;
"A poor man's wife am I, and yet,"
Said one, "I am a queen.

"My realm a happy household is,
My king a husband true;
I rule by loving services:
How has it been with you?'

One answered: "Still the great world lies
Beyond me as it laid;
O'er love's and duty's boundaries
My feet have never strayed.

"Faint murmurs of the wide world come
Unheeded to my ear;
My widowed mother's sick bedroom
Sufficeth for my sphere."

They clasped each other's hands; with tears
Of solemn joy they cried,
"God gave the wish of our young years,
And we are satisfied."

A NOBLE LAD.

A poor boy, whose name no one knows, but we hope that it is in the Book of Life, found three little children, who like himself had been washed ashore from one of the many wrecks, wandering along the dreary coast in the driving sleet. They were crying bitterly, having been parted from their parents, and not knowing whether they were drowned or saved.

The poor lad took them to a sheltered spot, plucked moss for them, and made them a rude but soft bed; and then taking off his jacket to cover them, sat by them all the night long, soothing their terror till they fell asleep.

In the morning, leaving them still asleep, he went in search of the parents, and to his great joy met them looking for their children, whom they had given up for dead. He directed them where to find them, and then went on himself to find some place of shelter and refreshment.

But when the parents were returning with their recovered little ones, they found their brave preserver lying quite dead upon the snow, not far from where they parted from him.

The long exposure in his exhausted state was too much for his little strength, and having saved his little charges—a stranger to them as they to him—he lay down to die.

A sad story in this and one that moves our hearts. How much more should our hearts be moved by the story of Him who freely gave His life that He might save us from eternal death.

A BAD TEMPER.

Two boys were disputing one day; they quarrelled so that they came to blows. Their father separated them, and spoke very seriously to them. "I am surprised at you, John," said he to the older; "you are generally such a good boy."

"I would be good if he did not provoke me," said John, looking angrily at his brother.

Yes, and every one can be good-tempered when no one provokes; and small credit does such good temper deserve! It is when things go against us, when people irritate and vex us, that it is good to be patient.

There was a lad who, from his very babyhood, had been noted for his fits of passion. His brothers and sisters all tried to avoid offending him, but every now and then a storm of rage would come and he cared not what he said or did, so angry was he. He heard people talk about following Christ, and he thought that he should like to have the great God for his Father, the Lord Jesus for his friend, and the blessed Spirit to dwell in his heart instead of the evil thoughts and bad desires which always reigned there. He went to Jesus in prayer, and asked Him for grace to give himself to God. For days afterwards he hoped that he really was a child of the Heavenly King, and that he had really received a new, clean heart, washed in the blood of Christ. But soon he fell into one of his passions. "Never mind," Satan whispered to him, "You were born with a bad temper, and God knows that you cannot help it." For a little while he listened to this tempter; but after a bit he saw how false the words were. Certainly he had been born with a bad temper, but was his old nature stronger than God's grace? No, no; that the ill weed in his heart was so old and strong was no reason that he should allow it to flourish still, and destroy the sweet flowers which God loves to see grow and bloom. So he set to work to root it out. How hard he worked! How he struggled with that evil weed! Sometimes he fancied that he had conquered it, and then it would crop up where he least expected it. But he was successful, for he tried—asking God's help to cast it out.

If any of you are tempted by hearing Satan whisper that you "cannot help" your bad temper, of your disagreeable words and looks, don't believe him! You can help it if you go the right way to help it. It may be your nature; a great many other bad things are your nature, but God's grace is stronger than any nature which ever was in man from Adam's day till now.

Pleasantries.

Boston æsthetics wear mustard plasters because they are of an old gold color.

A boy can pull four times more weight in boys on a sled than he can coal from the back yard.

They tell a story of a little boy that, on being rebuked for his noisy conduct in which his sister had some share, he declared that she ought to be included in the scolding. "If I was boisterous," he said, "she was girlsterous."

"The candles you sold me last week were very bad," said Jerrold to a tallow chandler. "Indeed, sir, I am very sorry for that." "Yes, sir: do you know they burnt to the middle and then would burn no longer?" "You surprise me! What, sir, did they go out?" "No, sir, no; they burnt shorter!"

"Mother," said little Ned, one morning, after having fallen out of bed, "I think I know why I fell out of bed last night. It was because I slept too near where I got in." Musing a little while, as if in doubt whether he had given the right explanation, he added, "No, that wasn't the reason: it was because I slept too near where I fell out."

When Farmer Budge read that a bull painted by Rosa Bonheur sold for $5,000, he remarked to his wife that he didn't see how a coat of paint could so greatly enhance the value of the animal, but if Rosa wouldn't charge more than ten dollars he would get her to paint his bull in the spring. And his economical wife replied that he might paint it himself and save his ten dollars. The indications are now that the bull will be painted.

Religious Intelligence.

At Home.

The income of Talmage's Tabernacle for 1882 is estimated at $25,000.

There are 80,000 Methodists in Iowa, and they are building churches in that State at the rate of one every two weeks.

The Market Square Church, Germantown, celebrated its Sesqui-centennial Anniversary last week, with a sermon by the pastor, Rev. E. P. Cowan, appropriate to the occasion. A sermon was also delivered to the children. This will be remembered as the Church that was taken from us under unjustifiable circumstances.

In the first decade of the Methodist Episcopal Church there was 1 minister to every 190 members; in the fifth decade the proportion was 1 to 284; the present proportion is 1 minister to 147 members, against 142 in the ninth and tenth decades.

The Boston University Methodist College has come into possession of the $2,000,000 bequeathed ten years ago by Isaac Rich, of that city. The money was to be paid, according to the provisions of the will, ten years after the death of Mr. Rich.

The *Christian at Work* says; "It seems that the case of Mr. Donaldson, of the Presbyterian Church, Embleton, Pa., suspended for dancing, is to go before the General Assembly. The Presbytery have sustained the Session, and on appeal the Synod have sustained the Presbytery. As we recall the case, it was Mr. Donaldson's first dance, and visiting a friend's house, he stumbled through the movements of a quadrille—a square dance—to oblige some friends who wanted to complete the 'set.' So far, he is pronounced unworthy to sit at the Lord's Table and partake of the Communion at East Embleton Church. Let us see if the General Assembly will stand on such a platform. If it does, we can put a few cases into its hands, and keep it busy."

The 24th anniversary of the Bethany Sabbath school, Twenty-second and Bainbridge streets, was celebrated on Thursday, 16th inst., in presence of a large number of persons. The audience room in which the exercises were held was beautifully decorated. On the platform were a number of clergymen, among whom were Rev. Dr. Loury, first pastor of the Church, Rev. Dr. J. R. Miller, the former pastor, Rev. Andrew Culver, pastor of Grace Church, and Mr. John Wanamaker, Superintendent of the School. At the time of commencing the exercises the bell in the tower struck 24 times, to mark the age of the school, and after the band in the tower had played "Auld Lang Syne," the commemoration was begun by the singing of the 24th Psalm. The Apostles' Creed was then repeated, after which a season was spent in silent prayer, followed by audible prayer by Rev. Dr. Miller. The exercises further consisted of instrumental music, a Sunday-school drill, vocal music, an introductory address by Mr. Wanamaker, telling how the school began by the first Bethany builder, and singing and recitations by the scholars. The school numbers 2700 scholars, and is probably the largest in this city.

Information has been received at Hartford that the Rev. Father Edward Agudi, assistant priest at St. Joseph's church, in Winsted, Conn., has finally dissolved himself from the Church by the unusual course of getting married. Father Agudi left Winsted on the 30th January, ostensibly to attend a convention of priests in Boston, and until this week was believed by Father Leo, pastor of St. Joseph's, to have remained in that city. The fact has now been ascertained that Father Agudi went from Winsted to New Haven, and was there married to Bridget D. Welsh, a daughter of Patrick Welsh, of that city. The girl has formerly been employed in Winsted, and had attended St. Joseph's Church. The marriage ceremony is reported to have been performed by a Methodist clergyman, for the reason that the bridegroom would have been recognized by any one of the Roman Catholic clergymen to whom he might have applied. The couple have located in Bridgeport, where the husband has opened a restaurant or dining-saloon as a means of winning bread for the future. His wife had previously been employed in dining-saloons. The intimacy between the couple was conducted so discreetly while in Winsted, and the correspondence so carefully concealed after the young woman's return to New Haven, that Father Agudi's parishioners had no intimation of the affair.

In a long article headed, "What About It?" the *Methodist* says: "Without going back from the present time, nor passing beyond our own city, we find a remarkable list of first-class non-Methodist Churches served by ex-Methodist ministers. Within the range of a mile north and south, and between the Fourth and Fifth avenues of this city, we find: Holy Trinity (Episcopalian), rector, W. F. Watkins, D. D., late of New York East Conference; Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, pastor, the Rev. Dr. Armitage, formerly of the Troy Conference; Church of the Covenant (Presbyterian), pastor, the Rev. Marvin Richardson Vincent (the son and grandson of two leading names of the New York Conference both of which he bears), himself, also, for some time in the same ministry. The Rev. Robert Collyer, of the Church of the Messiah (Unitarian), was for many years an English Wesleyan local preacher. The Rev. Mr. Davis, who has just now vacated the Madison Avenue Congregational Church, to be replaced by Dr. Newman, was a somewhat popular Methodist preacher in the Baltimore, the New York East, and the New York Conferences. The Rev. Mr. Lloyd, of the Central Congregational Church (Madison avenue, near Forty-second street), it is well known, quite recently was a member of the New York Conference, and pastor of the Washington Square Church in this city. Dr. Rylance, of St. Mark's Church (Episcopal), was, if we recollect correctly, for some time a Methodist minister, and so was Dr. Deems of the Church of the Strangers. Here, then, are nine names of chief city pastors, all of whom were once of us, but are so no more. And the number could be much more than duplicated by extending our inquiry to other cities."

1882. 1882.

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Now each clean, neat housekeeper is asked to try The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

He wants it tried in the house of every poor person, for it saves so much fuel that it is the cheapest Soap a poor person can use. It cleans the coarsest, dirtiest clothing, and makes the work so light that it is not even tiresome. Women who do their own washing will find the Frank Siddalls Soap a grand help if they will put aside all prejudice and try it one time on a regular washday and on an entire wash BY THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

For SCRUBBING it is a very cheap Soap to use, if care is taken not to throw it in the water, but instead, to rub a little of the Soap on the scrubbing brush.

So in WASHING DISHES, a very little rubbed on the dishcloth will wash a great many dishes, and the dishcloth will always be clean and sweet, and even in warm weather will never want scalding.

For the TOILET and for SHAVING its low price makes it within the power of the poor man to use as good Soap as a rich man.

Now there is another class Frank Siddall wants to try the Frank Siddalls Soap, and that is "the great well to-do class:" The merchant, the salesman, the clerk, the farmer, the blacksmith, the machinist, the wheelwright, the shoemaker, the baker, the confectioner, the storekeeper, the musician, the engraver, the carpenter, the bricklayer, the stonemason, the veterinary surgeon, the chemist, the milliner, the dressmaker, the printer, the tailor, the painter, the druggist, the bookseller, the newspaper publisher, the minister, the doctor, the sexton and the nurse.

It interests them all to have "washday" abolished in their houses and to have the family wash done with the same ease with which the hands are washed; to have no steam in the house to spoil the wall paper and furniture; to have no disagreeable smell in the house; all scalding and boiling of clothes is completely done away with by the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

How a lady can get the Soap to try where it is not sold at the stores:
1st—Send 10 Cents in Money or Stamps.

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Now by return mail a full size, 10-Cent Cake of Soap will be sent, POSTAGE PREPAID. It will be put in a neat iron box, so as to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in postage stamps have to be put on. All this is done for 10 cents, because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen out to sell it to the stores.

Of course only one cake will be sent to each person, but after trying it, the storekeepers will then send for it by the box.

Gentlemen are requested not to send for the Soap until their families have promised to comply with all the rules for using the Soap. It will be foolish to send for the Soap without making the promises *for if they are not plainly made no notice will be taken of the letters.*

THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES!

The Soap Washes freely in hard water; never use Borax, Ammonia, Lye, Soda or any other mixture or any other soap.

HEAT THE WATER IN THE TEA KETTLE—A TEA KETTLE WILL HEAT ENOUGH WATER FOR A LARGE WASH WITH THIS SOAP.

A wash-kettle or wash-boiler which stands unused for several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere in spite of the most careful housekeeping and this injures some of the very delicate and expensive ingredients that are contained in the Frank Siddals Soap. The White Flannels are to be washed with the other white pieces, and the Colored Flannels and other colored pieces are to be washed afterwards exactly the same way.

USE WARM WATER--NEVER USE HOT WATER

FIRST.

Dip one of the pieces in the tub of water, draw it out on the washboard and soap it lightly wherever you see any dirt or soiled places.

THEN ROLL THE ARTICLE UP IN A TIGHT ROLL—just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing—and lay it back in the tub in the water out of the way, and so on with each piece until they are all soaped and rolled up. Then go away for 20 minutes or longer—one hour is just the thing—AND LET THE SOAP DO ITS WORK.

NEXT.

After standing the full time commence by rubbing a piece lightly on the washboard, when all the dirt will drop out, turning each piece inside out while washing it, so as to get at the seams, but don't use any more soap and DON'T wash through two suds.

All the dirt must be got out in the first suds. DON'T keep the Soap on the washboard or it will waste, but if a streak will not come out by easy rubbing, soap it again and let it lie while you are washing a few other pieces. No Soap will wash out stains SET BY THE OLD WRONG WAY OF WASHING.

NEXT COMES THE RINSING.

Wash each piece lightly through a lukewarm rinse-water on the washboard without using any Soap UNTIL ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE OUT. *Every smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.*

NEXT COMES THE BLUE WATER.

Use scarcely any blueing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER IS DECIDEDLY SOAPY; put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, and out on the line WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING OR BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

The Clothes will NOT smell of the Soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn.

Don't put clothes to soak over night, it makes them harder to wash, and it is NOT A CLEAN WAY.

Don't try on PART of the wash, TRY IT ON THE ENTIRE WASH.

Address all Letters to the Office of The Frank Siddalls Soap, 718 GALLOWHILL ST., Phila.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Wholesale Prices.

MONDAY, February 27.

FLOUR.—We quote the whole range of prices as follows: Supers at $3.50@4; winter extras at $4.50@5; Pennsylvania family at $5.87@6.12; Ohio and Indiana do. at $6 50@7; St Louis and Southern Illinois do. at $6.75@7.25; Minnesota bakers' extras at $6.25@7.25, and winter and spring patents at $7.37½@8, as to quality. Rye Flour was steady, with sales of 100 barrels Penna. at $4.50. Buckwheat Flour was steady at $3.25, for old and $3.50 for new process, some favorite brands of the latter bringing a little more.

WHEAT.—Sales reported comprised 6 cars No. 2 red spot in elevator at $1.30, with that bid and $1.31 asked at the close for spot and February; $1.30⅜ bid and $1.31 asked at last call for March; 10,000 bus. April early at $1.32⅞, dropping to $1.31⅛, with sales of 10,000 bus. between Boards, and closing with sales after second call of 10,000 bus. at $1.32; 20,000 bus. May early at $1.33; 65,000 bus. later at at $1.32½@1.32½, with sellers at one time at $1.32, but closing on call at $1.32½ bid and $1.32⅝ asked.

CORN.—Sales of 1000 bus. No. 3 on track at Richmond at 65@65½c.; 2 cars cars steamer do. at 65½c.; 3 cars do. do. at 65c.; 4590 bus. do. in grain depot at 65½c.; 400 bushels sail mixed in grain depot at 66½c.; 800 bushels Delaware yellow track at 67c., with 67½c. bid and 67c. asked for sail mixed spot and February in elevator; 66½c. bid early, but 66c. bid and 66⅜c asked at close for March; 67⅜c. bid and 67½c. asked for April, and 68¾c. bid and 99½c. asked for May.

OATS.—Sales of 6000 bus. in lots on a basis of 46½@47c. for mixed; 48@48½c. for No. 3 white, and 49½@50c. for No. 2 do. on spot, and 5000 bus. do. May at 50c., the closing rate bid, with 49c. bid and 50c. asked for February; 49½c. bid and 49⅝c. asked for March, and 49⅝c. bid and 50½c. asked for April.

RYE was scarce and wanted, without sellers, at 88c.

GROCERIES.—Coffee was steady and in fair demand to cover legitimate trade wants, but there was no tendency to speculation. Sales of 600 bags low grade to good Rio at 7½@11c.; 300 bags Laguayra at 9½c.; 200 bags washed Caraccas at 13½c.; 100 bags good Maracaibo at 12c., and 250 mats Java at 16½@17c. Raw Sugars were steady under light supplies, at 7@7⅛c. for fair to good refining muscovadoes. Refined Sugars were active and firm at 10c. for cut loaf, and crushed; 9⅞ for powdered; 9¼c. for granulated; 9½c. for mould A, and 9c. standard A.

PROVISIONS.—We quote Mess Pork new at $18@18.50; shoulders in salt, 6⅝c.; do. smoked 7½@7⅞c.; pickled shoulders, 7½@7½c.; do. smoked, 8½c; pickled bellies, 9½@10c.; smoked do., 11½@12c.; loose butchers' Lard 10c.; prime Western steam do. $10.62@10.75; city kettle do. 11½c. Beef Hams, $22@22.50; smoked Beef, 14@15c.; sweet-pickled Hams, 10½@11½c., as to average; smoked do., 11½@12½c; extra India Mess Beef, $26 f. o. b.; city family do., $13.50 and packet do. $12.50 f. o. b.

POULTRY.—We quote live Chickens at 11c.; do Turkeys at 12c. Dressed Chickens, dry picked, nearby 12@13c.; do. Western do., 10@11c.; do. scalded 8@9c.; do. Turkeys, near by, dry-picked, 14@15c.; do. Western choice 13c.; do. fair and good, 11@12c.; do. scalded, 8@11c., as to quality.

DRESSED HOGS were scarce and firm at 8@8½c. for heavy to light.

BUTTER.—We quote Penna. creamery extras 44c.; Western do. do. 43c.; selections, 44c.; do. good to prime, at 38@42c.; do. imitation, 30@38c.; Bradford and York State tubs wholly nominal in absence of supplies; Western extras, fresh, 35@36c.; do. good to prime, 30@33c.; factory and ladle worked, choice, 34c.; selections, 35c.; good to prime, 30@33c.; do. fair, 20@25c.; seconds, 15@18c.; rolls, fancy, 31@32c., scarce; do. prime, 28@30c.; do. fair to good, 20@25c.; ordinary 12@15c.; common and medium shipping grades, 10@12c.; grease, 3@6c.; prints, fancy, 45@47c.; do. firsts, 40@43c.; do. seconds, 32@35c.

EGGS.—Sales of fresh Western at 27c. and Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware extras at 28c.

CHEESE.—We quote New York full cream choice at 13@13½c.; do. fair to prime at 12@12⅞c.; Ohio flat, fine, 12½@12½c.; do. fair to prime, 11@12c.; Pennsylvania part-skims, 8@8¼c.; do. skims, 6@7c. for fair to prime down to 1@3c. for inferior.

PETROLEUM.—We quote car lots for home use at 6c. for standard white and 12c. for Royal, 150 test

HAY AND STRAW.—We quote No. 1 Western and York State at $16@17; exceptional choice cars $18; No. 2 and inferior at $15 down to $8@10, the inside rate for badly damaged. Rye Straw was quiet and steady at $15.

SEEDS.—Clover was inactive but steady at 7½@8c. for common and 8½@8⅝c. for good to prime, up to 9c. for choice recleaned.

FEED.—Sales of 1 car common Spring Bran at $20; 2 cars fair and prime winter do. at $21.50@21.75, and 1 car prime do., North Penn track, at $22.

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